

Baba Bhagat Singh

(NANAKSAR WALE)

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(1659-1730)

Dr. AJIT SINGH SIKKA

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BABA BHAGAT SINGH NANAKSAR WALE

[Biography]

by

Dr. AJIT SINGH SIKKA

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PREFACE

I formed a plan for writing on the subject which was never touched by any historian upto this date. In writing this biography of Baba Bhagat Singh, I have made use of all the available primary and secondary sources, though I was conscious of the inadequacy of the material. This biography is based on the following works:- (A) *Gurbilas Chhewin Patshahi* (1718) by Darbara Singh. (B) *Gurbilas Patshahi 10* (1751) by Koer Singh. (C) *Shahidbilas* (Early 19th Century) by Kavi Sewa Singh edited by Garja Singh Giani. (D) *Sri Sant Rattan Mala* (1862) by Sant Lal Chand. (E) *District Gazetteers of Punjab* (Pakistan). (F) *Sikh Shrines in West Pakistan* (1962) by Khan Mohammad Waliullah Khan.

Biography is a sacred kind of writing because truth is essential to it. This biography contains activities of Baba Bhagat Singh in pursuit of his end. The historical situation at the time of his birth and death and the impact he made on the social, religious and cultural life of the people in the West Panjab is worthwhile and cannot be ignored by the historians for a long time.

Mostly this biography relates to 18th Century which is eventful period in the history of the Panjab. In this period the people of Panjab were making glorious history in the history of the world. When the Mughals were making efforts to control and rule Punjab and Baba Banda Singh Bahadur was waging a life and death war for sovereign status, at the same time, Bhai Mani Singh in Central Panjab, Baba Deep Singh in Malwa and Baba Bhagat Singh in the West Panjab were organising and encouraging the people

going from place to place and preaching the gospel of the Guru Granth Sahib.

I am thankful to Prof. Khushi Mohammad Sharab, teaching in Government College Gojra, residing in "*Jhugga*" ward No. 7, Jhang city, who provided the photographs of Gurdwara Nanaksar.

I am indebted to Prof. Prithipal Singh Kapur, a well-known historian for writing a foreword.

28-2-2003

Ajit Singh Sikka (Dr.)

FOREWORD

The Story of a true Saint-soldier Baba Bhagat Singh who lived a long life during the latter half of seventeenth century and first three decades of eighteenth century is both inspiring as well as engrossing. He was one of those rare souls who could discern the depth and comprehend the dimensions of the great mission set forth by Guru Gobind Singh. The transformation of this great soul from Bhagat Ram to Bhagat Singh and his journey from an ordinary devotee to the position of the preacher of the gospel is interesting indeed. But it needed a master mind to record and relate this story and lend it the charm of a first rate historical biography. It is strange that for more than two and a half centuries, life and work of this divine soul did not attract the attention of even the tradition recorders, perhaps that turned out to be a good thing.

It was left for a literateur of the calibre of Dr. Ajit Singh Sikka, to lay hand on variety of sources available in the form of only references in the huge mass Sikh traditional literature as also some secondary sources and put in assiduous labour to produce a reliable biography of Baba Bhagat Singh that could remain a source of inspiration to the younger generations for times to come. Dr. Sikka has even visited the shrines associated with Baba Bhagat Singh even after the creation of Pakistan to see for himself the locale and environment in which Baba Bhagat Singh carried on his work for the benefit of humans even amidst hostile circumstances.

The book though basically a historical biography presents a devotee's accounts in an interesting and absorbing style. I congratulate Dr. Sikka for this work and hope

that it will prove to be a welcome addition to the Sikh traditional literature, so necessary for sustenance of religious sentiments.

10-C, Rajguru Nagar,
Ludhiana.-141012.
27.2.2003.

Prithipal Singh Kapur
*Formerly Pro-Vice Chancellor,
Guru Nanak Dev University*

INTRODUCTION

The object of biography of Baba Bhagat Singh seems to me, is to provide in a readable form a brief outline of the life and work that had an impact on the lives of the people. This life surprisingly unfolds social life of his time and what social, economic and historical forces were working from below. The biography proves that Baba Bhagat Singh was one of the great men who had helped the people and added to their progress, knowledge, virtues and happiness.

Dr. Ajit Singh Sikka has worked both as an historian and as a portrait-painter. As a portrait-painter, he has produced a picture as well as being "Like" making a work of art. Besides Baba Bhagat Singh he has depicted several characters. As an historian, he has arranged facts in an intelligible order and tried to be accurate. After accumulating all the facts, he has constructed the biography in such a way that it shall become a piece of literature. The special thing in this biography is that Dr. Sikka does not subordinate aesthetic to ethical considerations. So the biography of Baba Bhagat Singh presents the life and times of his age as "Sir Winston Churchill's biography of his ancestor, First Duke of Marlborough is an excellent literary creation; at the same time it is a valuable history of Britain as well as of Europe during the War of Spanish succession (1701-1714). In any case both biography and history are closely related with each other."

Ludhiana
1.3.2003

Mandeep Singh

EARLY LIFE OF BABA BHAGAT SINGH JI

When spring descended upon the earth, her footprints turned into flowers. She caused a great stir and the earth acquired a new splendour. Birds raised their notes of welcome and thus passed the wholeday. The Spring-Queen wore a gorgeous cloak, the colours of which rose longingly. Her loose skirts scattered fragrance. Her eyes had the attraction of a bride. As she unveiled her countenance afresh, the age-long thirsty bridegroom quaffed it without uttering a word. Joy and hope prevailed all round. Spring season was the season of joys. She was the Queen of seasons clad in wonderful clothes. There was neither heat, nor cold but a cool temperate climate. In the bright beautiful sky, the sweet sun-beam showered. Wherever one cast a glance, one saw the glory of verdure. Every branch swayed with the clusters of fruits. They stirred like singers in a flute. Nature had acquired a rare splendour which surpassed all limits. To welcome the spring, the people of the world seemed to be rushing out.

As far as the eye could go, one saw rape-crops spread out. One felt as though the earth were stretched as far as the sky. Sweet flowers ravished the hearts. Even wheat crops from inside looked so rich and luxuriant rape plant when saw the spring with eyes open, stood aghast. The trees staged waving their branches a rare welcome indeed. The earth glittered just like gold while water looked like silver.

Some plucked well-chosen flowers and weaved them into wreaths. The gardener and his wife moved from one flower bed to another and thus satiated their longings for flowers. At times, they plucked flowers and arranged them

into bouquets or out of love they threw flowers on one another and thus made a lot of fun. Fast blowing breeze did welcome the spring. Air chariots laden with pleasures carried immense load.

BIRTH

In such a happy environment was born a child In 1659 (Samvat 1716 Bikrami). Joys spread all around. The house felt immensely blessed. On thursday, the child took his birth. The child was born in this beautiful village, Machhiwal. Bhagat Ram was the name given by parents. Blessings and congratulations poured in abundance. Rejoicings hovered around on all sides and happy was the household. Relatives came from far and near and returned after tasting sweets. A new movement stirred the home and all sides looked so joyfully. A son elevated the whole family. Most blessed were the father and the mother. Equally blessed were days and nights. Blessed was the village Machhiwal where son Bhagat Ram had taken his birth. A fragrant breeze blew in the village while the sky scattered pearls to elevate his family. It seemed Lord Rama had taken birth. Invoking heavenly blessings, the maternal aunt appeared. Amply blessed was the family. Blessed were the parents who bore the son who would perform benevolent deeds. Blessed were the neighbours.

Laddoos (Sweets) were distributed in all houses amidst great rejoicings in the village. The house filled with joyful longings and songs filled the air. The rejoicings in this birth eve were the rejoicings of a festival. The whole village looked jubilant. The neighbouring boys and girls leapt and bound joyfully. They talked in sweet words and referred to the glorious event. They took Laddoos and Pedas and thus enjoyed themselves. Thus passed this august day. There was spring in all courtyards. Good-luck had paid a visit.

Bhagat Ram's mother clad in Salwar and white Shirt, bright, attractive moving about in the kitchen looked like the light of Moon. Even the corners of the kitchen glittered. Was she a body or a mirror? She shone as bright as lightning

among the clouds. Such was her divine effulgence. She appeared to be an embodiment of Love. Her sweet physique was like rose-petals scattering its fragrance around. Her hands and feet were red lotuses. Her sharp eye-brows were daggers. Her eyes shone like the glow-worm. She presented the spectacle of moon-light. Clouds copied her ringlets. Breezes stood before her hands folded.

She kissed the son. While suckling, sometimes she would pick him up and then put him to sleep. At times she would change his clothes and coaxed him with love and clasped him to her heart. Thus she passed her days with her son. At times in the course of lullabies, she would ask her son to sleep and she would exhort him to become as great as Raja Ram or to rise in regal power like Lord Krishna. At times, she would call him mischievous and induce him to sleep at once. He enjoyed the cool shade of his mother who was just a thick shaddy plant. Holding the sun like child in her lap, she played with him with joy. The child was the fruit of that plant which had its branches intact. The branch was blessing the fruit, a paradisal sight indeed !

The lotus blossomed at the sight of the sun. The people too enjoyed his sight. The mother's faded heart bloomed at the sight of Bhagat Ram. Every plant in the world dried up when its root dried and with the fading of the flower, the mother plant automatically went dry. The child's sweet delightful prattles made the mother sing to her heart's fill. She put him around her neck as a genuine pearl. He was her own light. The mother showered her blessings with the full earnestness of her heart holding the flower like countenance in her lap. She would give lullabies to the child. Just see the glory of the divine will! The child would entertain his mother. The mother followed her child. As he willed to bid her. One moon sailed in the sky, the other moon called his mother and she rushed to receive him. The mother was Ganga-like pure hearted. The bloom of the flower was displayed. The other moon on every side and everyday went on shedding her light. She would invariably say ditto to every word right or wrong of the child. In love

right or wrong word or utterance made little difference. Both right and wrong were far below love. For love had an intoxicating effect. Mother-son love was unique. It created a new world. The third man watching them could not easily understand.

EDUCATION

The child Bhagat Ram became seven and went to a school afar. In the morning the mother sent him. He went under compulsion. "Knowledge is an eye" she said. "It dispels all darkness. Its use in job or business sharpens one's skill, knowledge, solves problems with wisdom and intelligence." Seven years old Bhagat Ram learned to write on a tablet. He crammed up the given schedule, learnt accountancy and Hindi-Munimee. He learnt whatever he was taught. He learnt many stories. He was shy by nature and immune of all evils. He served his teacher also. Besides his usual chore, daily he plastered the tablet. Besides mugging up Gurmukhi got knowledge of Persian and Sanskrit in the school that he attended; getting education for long, he became sober and forbearing. He became a profound scholar. At times he lay in the fields in the midst of rich verdure. At times he would lie in nature's lap and learn righteous conduct. Sometimes he witnessed redness spreading in the East and chariot of fragrances coming from the gardens. Gold was scattered in the gardens. The melodious koels sang making him restless. As a fish longed for water, his breathings brought out words of love. The Sun was close over Machhiwal. His piercing arrows could not be avoided despite all efforts in the months of May, June and July. Sand dunes were cool at night. The breeze blew rhythmically and sang melodious songs touching soft and delicate foliage. At times Bhagat Ram watched the blue sky in the morning looked like a blackstone washed neatly with red saffron. The kitchen plastered fine with cow-dung was wet through and through in the hearth of the sky. The cinders seemed to glow like red chalk rubbed in slate and rubbed again and again or like a white human frame,

causing dazzling sparks in water. The first ray pricked Bhagat Ram and pierced his skin like a needle. The breeze was winnowing through plants in every field. Women holding their veils in fingers with skirts upto their knees went to the well for water and wayfarers embarked on their journeys. Lights increased by leaps and bounds and lit the entire world. The ploughshare stirred the earth and awakened the earth. The birds were engaged in flights. He could hear the flap and flutter of their wings and their loud cries. The environment was resonant with the chatter of their beaks. When ever in the East, the sun opened his eyes spreading light far and wide. The whole blue sky and the earth were cleansed each time as if some flower had become blooming in the garden or some newly married bride was moving about. The beautiful morning light held Bhagat Ram in love. Forming this friendship twilight bedecked herself in green. She would adorn Bhagat Ram and would greatly cheered him up. He would say, "Dear friend, please bedeck me like this, such a smooth perfumed body cannot be had despite search. Instill into me your fragrance, extend favour for a moment. Teach me some art whereby I might win friends and foes alike. Lend me your own skill and beauty to make my mind blessed in the service of the world." At noon Bhagat Ram witnessed vast nature in all splendour. In this so hot environment, there was no limit to scorching. How could flowers bloom there? How could leaves make merry? The leaves began to fade. How could they emit any fragrance when the sun showered the cinders? Hot wind blew spreading its wings. Dust blew in all directions. In this situation, at such a time at noon the wayfarer hesitated to undertake journey. The cattle took their tongues out while the birds hid in shelter. The moving world came to a pause and began to enjoy some rest. Ponds of water died in anguish. The streams became so hot and there was shortage of water in the deserts. All places were extremely hot. Men, birds and beasts in heat were being parched like grain. The tender feet were singed. Their throats became dry and mouths were quiet. The paths were heaving sighs. Snakes coiled round sparkling thorny

plants.

In the evening, Bhagat Ram saw birds returning. Spreading their wings flying in rows towards their nests. The nestling with their small beaks were awaiting their return. He, seeing the evening, pondered over again and again. Wonderstruck at the mystery of nature, morning, noon, evening, then night, this cycle ever went on. "This life is a few days sojourn. What is to earn? How long to enjoy the fruit of one's earning? How long is human existence to remain fresh and green? Where does this story end? What is life's final aim? Where have we to reach at last?"

Bhagat Ram on seeing the setting sun said, "Hard workers will get respite. Time will give them relaxation assuring relief from serious labour. The eve bent on the trees where intense darkness still prevents. Dyed moon appeared and rose high from behind the trees. Stillness prevailed over the fields. But a bird was still in song at a distance place unknown raising a long drawn out tune. The Earth seemed to contact heaven on any side you saw. Thus the earth conveyed affection by raising her head high."

"The night reclined her head on the arms of the trees" saw Bhagat Ram, "Moon rested on her breast in all delight and rapture. The sky was being bedecked with stars." The mind and moon behaved alike engaged in mutual attraction. Bhagat Ram thus passed his childhood days in the lap of nature, glorifying nature. He got lessons from the laws of nature. Thus he grew up and advanced with cheer. She played the nurse both day and night kept him engaged in play. Such a type of life led he. By her (nature) so inspired that at night he enjoyed the site of the Moon drank deep her honey-sweet light. He used to see the procession of stars and led a happy life. His day time passed in the midst of flowers. He would sit alone reflecting. He lay in a brooding posture. On the myriad charms of her, at times he saw the dancing peacocks. The masterpieces of her, he watched the running deer, their leaping and bounding tod. At times he saw the warbling birds and heard the thunder of clouds and silver streaks of lightning. He pondered over temptation of

wealth and found it totally meaningless. Only God was eternal truth for him. Thus gathering new impressions and sensations he lived moment by moment. "What is bondage? What is freedom?" Such things he pondered over. Current of thoughts arose in his sensitive mind. He remained aloof from bad characters. His noble aims saved him from amorous attacks of Cupid. He read the mystries of nature with devotion free from studies in his leisure, he would do domestic work. He never wasted his time in vain. At his father's behest he would graze the cattle. He took great care of the cattle especially horses. There was enough of grass around in the forests far and wide. It was so easy to rear cattle and to leave them in the fields to graze. Enough of corn, the land produced much more than required. Milk, curd and butter in plenty were available. Dense forest lay asleep tossing their heads in a doze. He saw bushes big and small keeping quiet and reticent. Grass and plants kept eyes closed when no stir was in the wood. Breeze could not penetrate it. For trees were thick and large. Leaves touched feet of the breeze. In the free atmosphere of the wood mosquitoes with stings moved on. Snakes, scorpions, poisonous insects filled the forest without limit. All big and small dangled from shrubs leopards, bears and tigers moved. To see them move about in the wood one felt most unnerved. The leaves did make the rustling sound. The leaves were all around. The birds lay in trance. They wished the sun and the moon to rise. Mounds, pits and terrains devoured the ignorant stranger and caused enormous harm. At times playing the shepherd, he played upon his flute and would sit in the shade of the trees creating sweet symphonies. These notes touched the sky. The influence of music never went in vain. Season and song in harmony did cause a great upheaval. Old memories were awakened. They indulged in lyricism. The cask of worry smashed. Then Bhagat Ram heard himself a noise in trees and clouds. There emerged some more clouds as though someone had cast a slate coloured mantle on tree. The streak of light looked like lightning. At times he all alone watched wayfarers on foot. At times birds built their nests with straw

in the trees.

Some other day Bhagat Ram saw another wood, a beautiful one, thick darkness, beneath the trees, peace and comfort were there. The trees besieged with clouds. In the midst of the trees, birds at times perched on cattle, hummed melodious tunes. Feeling immensely pleased, ascetics and hermits girt up their loins with shawls. Tired deer sat close to them and felt thereby relaxed. Passing through the leaves of trees streaks of dazzling light on earth looked like gold and turned fields too into gold. Shades slept beneath the trees and fields slept beneath the shades. Tender were the plants looking green, white and yellow. The breeze doses of sweet honey made the trees intoxicated. Birds sang melodious songs and in a circle leapt and danced. The trees and their shades swayed and swayed the orchard. New born verdure was happy while grasses pricked their ears. The beautiful shaped nature and heart-ravishing clouds which wetted and moistened nature and gradually the water turned into juice and awakened flowers and fruits. Apes moved about ecstatic seeing them from distance, one doubted if they were human beings. The squirrels nibbled at fruit. In a knotty vivacious mood, parrots mastered the forest. As they felt so ecstatic, birds flew from branch to branch and they chirped and sang at the loudest pitch. Young deer were seen playing. Youth had brought them charms. The fruit shook with winds entangled in the bushes. Stags felt exasperated. All calves heifers shook udders and sucked milk. The mother cow would lick them bringing her body close to theirs.

Before Bhagat Ram's eyes swam a world luscious green. The tanks were filled with water and lay with rich corn fields and restless felt the breezes, crop fields surveyed bright. They swayed like waves, sparrows flew and perched and had different colours and climes. They frisked about in streets and sang melodious tunes. Every moment roused new thoughts and feelings, life acquired new dimensions and a new life was discerned. Such thing was never seen before. Such thirst was never known. Bhagat Ram's house

was filled with many a bag of corn. No scarcity, there was in the stable. He had great love of horse riding. He became an expert horseman.

BUSINESS

At the young age of eighteen, he joined his father in business. He lent his helping hand and liked his business. He became expert in business dealings. Through his contact with traders, he was trained in business management. He collected money and kept accounts and took full care of everything. Father entrusted him with whole business. Thus Bhagat Ram grew in prestige. His business talent sharpened and wealth came in abundance.

One day, his parents sat to decide about Bhagat Ram's marriage. He had grown moustaches and became expert in business. Bhagat Ram overheard and felt shy. His mind was got engrossed with the thought of marriage and felt more and more interested. As he thought of marriage, marriage meant good clothes. This thought attracted him. In his imagination a newly wedded bride intensified his fondness. He would wear a silver coronet. He felt thus most inspired, "The bride would be like a flower and I so strong and robust. She would be like a beautiful stream and I the bank. She a flute, its melody I. She a fruit basket, I the fruit. She would be a boat, I the oar. On the valuable path of love, she be the sweet light of the moon, I the fondness of a partridge. She the candle, I would be the moth. She would be the wayfarer, I the path. She be a musk deer and I the musk explorer."

Krishna in her father's house was playing with her female friends. Krishna's youthful orchard inclined thither so bashfully. Her world surcharged with fragrance. For Beetles, she was a real rose as they flew like a kite. Her locks swayed as sways a snake enraptured. Her countenance glowed as though moon sate in her forehead. Her eyebrows were the bows which shot many arrows together. Her saucy eyes made the deer lost their way. Her nose was pointed, lotus mouth and teeth like shining pearls. She

deprived the elephant of his gait and had a noble lineage. She robbed the tigress of her waist and had a forehead non-descript. Should an austere ascetic see her, he perforce would look below. He had undergone penances in the hope of seeing God. Krishana accompanied her female friends to have a bath beside the stream, one might say a whole orchard had scattered its fragrances. One looked like a Champa, one the Molsary, one looked like Nargissus or a bud so rare, one looked like saffron or Sudburg and Krishna was a rose in their midst. Some had their bodies neatly cleaned and looked so blooming and sweet. The body was an abode of desires and the desire was the precursor of wealth. Some called it a frame ephemeral made of corn and consumed material. It could acquire genuine charms by developing a mind sublime. Krishna had beneath her fair throat a healthy streak of blood. It clearly looked like a red betel leaf or like a red wire. It also looked like a red line or a red muffler or a string of beads around her neck like the moon. She was in blue suit. How could she hide her face? By the river bank the moon was glistening in the stream. When laughed, she leant forward and shook with pearls of laughter bent double with laughter thus offered a good spectacle. For shyness, she could not raise her eyes and see fully with clearness. She would raise her eyes again and again and bend them down again as if torrential rain on them were shedding a rain of light. Krishna's beautiful gait and with asp-like hair, beautiful eyes, mouth and teeth, how could one conceive them? Her flame of hope soared high making her body crimson dyed. How could one describe her mind in appropriate words? They would tell Krishna in joke. This sport is temporary fleeting and fragile. Father's happy rule would end too soon. Then she would go to her in-laws leaving these breath-spaced joys. Then where would be this stream and its banks. How would we come by again to see such a stream and such water. When should we play together again. There would be the domination of the mother and sister-in-laws. How loving would be her husband? What would be the fruit of fortune?

Untying their locks by the stream's bank, they were spreading their hair together. Krishna's countenance shone like the Moon and her body emitted fragrance. Her hair was cloud's shadow which made the moon stray. Her dark thick hair appeared like the hoods of asps in day time. The partridge was inclined that way with her longing eyes turned to her. Krishna's countenance moon like shone through this dark cloud. Her moon like countenance was just like the flash of lightning. Her voice was melodious like that of a Koel. Her eyebrows were like the rainbow. She was full of gossip and coquetry. Her eyes shone like a glow-worm. Her limbs fluttered like birds. Her body was like orange. Her gait was sweet and charming. The stream was bewitched by her beauty and its jubilant water waved. All the youthful maidens entered the stream. Immensely pleased were the damsels. As they poured water with love youthful age had a new spring with newly blooming buds. Sweet and Juicy youth kept itself in the ascendance venomous black ringlets floated in the water in turns as though asps had caught in their mouths lotus flowers. The stream was immensely pleased with countless waves on the surface playing. Krishna bathed in the midst of all like the moon surrounded by the stars. One moon in the sky at night; the other moon was in water. Her heart ravishing gait made swan feel small. As she swam within the bank, her star like sweet companions were splashing water above and had begun to play their game with their white beautiful hands. The moon and stars began to play getting ready for this purpose who lost, would have to part with the garland around her neck, the white bright beads of the necklace besides their fair complexion. The string of love began through their game while the bangles made a tinkling. They all arranged themselves in pairs for victory or defeat with necklace as the wager. They were anxious for the win where were perennial sports and such a graceful weather. Who would come for play from the in-laws? Thanks for this momentary sport surcharged with joy and love. Krishna won all necklaces then returned with a smile. Then talked

victory and defeat hand in hand with friends. Her one female friend's necklace was broken and its beads were lost in water. She wept overwhelmed with grief and related her tale with tears. Krishna's female friend moaned why she had come with the necklace on her neck. She lost with her own hands bewailed the beautiful maiden "What shall I say at home?" She wept profusely. Tears fell from her oyster eyes in thousands and in millions. Her friends would say consoling. "Life mixes joy with sorrow, good, and evil are rose and thorn and man a mere mixture. Here tears go with laughter, separation accompanies love. Hence look for the lost necklace by dipping in the water." All began to look for the necklace and came into their hands some pearls. Taking out their hands they opened their fists and saw picked up the pearls as if luck had opened its gate again and arranged them into a garland. A new garland was made. It showed a new brilliance.

Krishana, herself was an alchemic diamond which blessed even with touch. The stream was pleased that stones became pearls with touch of Krishana's feet.

Coolness puts out the fire of several ages acting as a friend of one's mind as if lord of luck house and Lord of the Lagan were in the Lagan making Rajyoga and the Dasa of the Lord of the luck house was in operation and gave wealth and happiness. When the clouds got replete with water, they cast their reflections in the stream. Her eyesight in the stream became crystal clear. Water of the stream became her body, her teeth shone like pearls. All that was white and bright in nature lent peculiar grace to Krishna's face and adorned it beautifully.

In Krishna's hand was a great weapon of beauty and youth. Before her beauty none could stand even once. The beautiful girl ravished every heart. Her beauty offered a dish. Such a girl had been neither seen nor heard in the days of Ramayana or Mahabharata. How could lightning shine before her when Moon and the Sun were helpless. Her every limb emitted fragrance and filled the atmosphere. Her luck was like the goddess Lakshmi and her face was

like the goddess Saraswati. Here in Krishna's mind a new passion was rising. She consulted the mirror again and again and studied her white bright limbs. She forgot the marriages of her dolls, new passions over whelmed her . New longings arose in her mind. As she talked to her female friends, so a smile covered her face. The moon shining at night was just her companion. Streams of emotions began to flow as revolve day and night. Her female friends made much fun as they engaged her in talk.

Her girl friends applied a yellow paste to Krishna's various limbs as though her white frame was converted into gold. The moon bathed her with her rays and sang paeans of love. Her bangled wrists, necklaced neck decked her in several ways. A diamond necklace around her neck and earrings in her ears looked fine. Her fingers ringed, wrists braceleted and her jewels shone bright sparkled her vermilion saree and myrrah paste on palms. Her female friends with diligent care richly adorned the bride. Then all the female friends brought flowers and plated well her locks. They also adorned her curls with heart ravishing flowers. With joke, they would whisper the name of Bhagat Ram, Krishna felt shy to hear the name of her spouse. Krishna was engaged to Bhagat Ram. Marriage preparation began with speed as they did after betrothal. Her kins women sang songs. Mehndi ceremony was performed. The songs were sung by girl friends.

MARRIAGAE PARTY

In Bhagat Ram's house too, women sang songs. The young and old both made merry. They sang themselves hoarse whatever songs they could sing, were all surcharged with love and happiness. The beat of the drum in the house of marriage pleased every body's heart. The time for the departure of the marriage party came. The bridegroom got ready. A crest adorned his forehead and a coronet-sehra suspended from his head. The mare was richly embellished. They sang in praise of the august day which was so blissful and gay. After a lot of prayers and thanks givings, they had

seen this day which had revisited their body and mind.

"Blessed is this day and this occasion." The marriage party came with great pomp and show. It was the time of evening. The band instruments were playing gloriously leading a large marriage procession. The girl's men were preparing themselves for the welcome. They sometimes came here sometimes went there out of Love and regard for the marriage party running hither and thither in all hurry. They were doing all things. They were anxious to see lest there be any sort of shortage. At the time of the marriage party's arrival, ladies sang folk songs. They would make remarks on the marriage party and felt shy singing such songs.

When the bridegroom got off the mare, they saw his numerous charms. Krishna's female friends watched him by climbing the roof of the house. Some pushed forward to be close, some stood beside the window and made several pleasant remarks. Krishna, too, got up the roof and watched marriage procession. Some cast a glance at the bride, while the bridegroom Bhagat Ram possessed Krishna's mind. The mind was linked to mind. As eyes met the eye sight of the bridegroom from afar brought a flicker of smile on her face. When four eyes met together, she felt shy in her veil. Thus the bride with her youthful mind watched his face and turban. His mare was richly bejewelled bright shone his gold embroidered shoes. At last the bridegroom came and got off near the gate. The oil was poured at the gate and thus that tall and majestic came in saucy maidens eyes shone. As they smiled and then sang. One maiden said to the other " Just see the grandeur of the bridegroom. One does not feel fed up to see his round moon like countenance. The eyes are never weary to see" As they watched him so closely, the maidens would then say to one another, "O girl come and see Krishna's face just a moon behind the veil." Krishna felt shy in her fine dress though immensely pleased at heart felt thrilled to see the bridegroom and longing after longing controlled her mind. She settled in the bridegroom's mind. There was much fondness in her speech. A fine

couple indeed in the world, all sang songs of welcome. The maidens joined in chorus with great warmth. They coaxed Krishna's mother and conveyed their congratulations. The moon like couple sat for the wedding. A fine couple indeed they were making. The light of the august night spread musk smell around. Marriage men were served well. The hour of departure came. All wept as the palanquin left. The whole house was in tears. The mother wept when the daughter was leaving. She was now to become of her laws. Wept also the brothers and sisters showing great affection. The father too, wept at that time. Many maidens too, shed tears.

Meanwhile the dowry was arranged. Quilts, ornaments, on cots, clothes, looking glass were displayed. A cow and mare were given. Utensils, several carpets, sitting cots, loaf-pots too, were given. Birds sitting in trees were weeping. Even plants and reeds were weeping. The old women also wept and all other wept present there. Young children whom she had fondled also wept at that time. The neighbouring children of tender age held her skirt and wept saying their paternal aunt was going in a palanquin. The children of the neighbourhood were weeping and shedding bitter tears. They cling to her legs and thus showed their love. The parents clasped her to their bosom and bade her farewell. Her brothers and sisters also wept and could not control their tears. The girl's father might weep as much as he liked. In this world the girl's father had to endure great pains. Rich or poor he had to instruct his daughter "Daughter that is your house and every girl has to face this ordeal." Old women gave their blessings, "Now you may live in bliss in the present and in the future. May you bring credit to your parents, should your husband mother-in-law and father-in-law chide you, you must learn to control your anger. We expect good behaviour from you. Daughter! speak the truth always, render service to all. Keep us also in mind. Don't step on wrong track. Avoid irrelevant discussion. At your in-laws, you should exercise the magic of your speech on all. Politeness, humility, tolerance and

service will add to your dignity. Hence forth your husband is your body, mind and wealth. May you be blessed by him. Daughter, the moon carries a black dot on her face. You should not acquire any stigma. Let none raise his finger and say, "You are unmannerly, inefficient and quarrelsome. You are the Deepavali of that house. Your husband is the lamp and you are the wick. You should live there in close intimacy. Let one light illumine the two bodies. You should give him full cooperation. Even peacock and pea-hen are filled with wonder seeing your measured steps and fine behaviour. As a fish while swimming dives and dips in water, a koel moves about in the mango tree placing her steps hither and thither, as waves dance and spread in the sea, so they rise and swell in his breast but remain amidst."

On the return of the marriage party, welcome songs were sung in Machhiwal. Krishna got down in her in-law's house. The whole surroundings were lit up. When she smiled the whole world smiled. As she spoke, lamps were lit up to the amazement of all. The air seemed to flutter her head cover while her shirt waved ecstatically. If she grew restive, the whole earth stirred and rivers came in spate. The moon dancing in heaven applied a 'Tilak' to her forehead. If she grew thirsty, clouds showered rains and extinguished all cinders. Snakes on hearing her musical tunes, gave up their venomous hissing. The whole world twirled in dance and felt restless like guitar-vine.

The rain fell in a drizzle and a cool shower fell. Pearls danced in garlands. All knots got dissolved in this gorgeous weather, moon-like face smiled and she looked very beautiful. The thirsty eyes raised the veil and watched. They spread further light, just as sand dunes watched the advent of 'Sravana' rainy season. In the forest of the body, pea-cocks danced. Every limb of her body was full of speech. She moved about gracefully. She leapt and danced just like the goddess Lakhshmi. The advent of the bride in this house was like goddess Lakhshmi's arrival on the Devali day. Her ornaments jingled and tingled like moon-radiance. The neighbours also made merriment. Heart

ravishing songs pleased all and especially to youthful minds. The bride-groom walked by her side keeping full pace with her. Then walk together in unison solved many a riddle of life. Union with a smart damsel removed all entanglements and solved the riddle of life. The bride felt coy in the bridegroom's company. Intense love existed between them. Cupid shot his arrows again taking good aims. Flowers played with the branch singing as well as swaying. Pollen appeared on the flowers adding to their beauty. Every moment of life passed in great joy and the mind looked softened like molten wax. The bride awaited in her mind every moment at the advent of night. Sweet youth was like an ocean and the limbs like an ocean tide. Hope was awake in the eyes and it was awake the whole day long. The heart danced like peacock when her saucy eyes felt coy. Her wanton longings playing the role of a partridge wished to kiss the moon. The gorgeous night was like a marriage party with its red lamp lights shining. The golden mangoes quaffing syrup at the lips were feeling immense satisfaction. The pea-hen engaged in love with the peacock said bashfully in coy manner, "Let none see us in love." The pulsation of their hearts in first love said, "So volubly, where shall we find such a season of youth. When shall such flowers or orchards bloom again?" Krishna in her in-laws house came in a thoughtful mood surcharged with excitement. Her budding figure emitted fragrance like a branch laden with flowers. Since she came, the bride-groom remained confined inside the house. Bhagat Ram remained inside the house and did not choose to go out. There were longings of love in the two hearts in thousands spread out with joy. At all times the bride-groom would engage the bride in love prattle and they would glance at each other again and again for hours and hours together and showed their mutual consent frequently. The husband would find every possible excuse to make his wife laugh. Thus the relation of husband and wife grew stronger and stronger whatever the husband desired, the wife would do. She gave a place in her heart to every word he said. Moon light

remained always with the moon and wife with her husband. New youth was so tasteful and relishing. It was a clear indescribable effulgence. Eye looked coyly at eye and stirred every hair of the body. The wife getting close to her husband cast her eyes down with shyness. Enjoying each other's company. They enjoyed a play of union and reunion. The union of man and woman was wonderful like spring. Sometimes a little veil, half a flicker of smile, sometimes eyes burnt like cinders. Those who came to see her eyes set them on fire. There was love on this way, love on that way and attraction in between.

DEATH OF MOTHER

Bhagat Ram's mother saw that death robbing her of her limbs one by one. That next to her facial expression her self consciousness, too, was gradually dying and her body was getting inert. Death also came at its appointed time and came making hints, "What final dedication or sacrifice I can make weep and cry with kith and kin. The call of death is also the call of God. Why to fret and fume. We have to submit to it with folded hands and chant Divine Name in the meantime. To offer obeisance with tearful eyes. Why to suppress one's tears? I shall place at your feet the invaluable treasure of mine. I know a day would come when there will be confusion in the whole surroundings. The earth is swimming before my eyes. I am becoming unconscious of myself. The parrot is to fly surely from its cage. The cage cannot provide a permanent stay. The earth and heaven will remain the same and the same will be the morn and eve. The moon and the stars will shine in the world and the living creatures will live as usual. The sun will rise and set as usual and indicate the passage of time as usual. I am now imagining my last moments when the snares of life will be cut asunder. I am now seeking a new life and shape being fed up with the world. I am now awaiting my last moments and am inclined towards my death with the passage of every moment. You have seated in it my desires. There pass before my eyes one by one

longings, inclinations and aspirations. O' relatives and associates of the family, all of you who now surround me and my bed the end of the journey of my life has now almost arrived. Please pray for my well-being you all young and old. Forget all good and bad that I have spoken. Now I am an old woman and am about to depart. Take these keys of the household my son and daughter-in-law. I have no more claim to this house. Good old days are gone. The past old days were so good. Two words of farewell remain. All the rest have been spoken. You can see my four skirts ends quite empty. I am taking with me nothing I have had a message from the world far off a distance land. Now it is difficult to stay any longer. Wish for me good luck O' friends and Kinsmen. We have had a good time together. I now bid you fare-well. I can live here no longer. Please, allow me to go soon now and it is already getting dark."

Suddenly, Bhagat Ram returned from work. He enquired of this hue and cry, wails and tears. It was no use asking who had passed away. Why to ask this question? A Stormy Voice came, "Mother's end had come" They told him sobbing, "Mother has gone to the other world." He felt a severe shock at that time. His heart uttered a cry of anguish. There were cries in his heart and tears in his eyes. The day turned into a dark night, as though dark clouds had come and caused torrential rains. He said, "Oh! who will now play with me? Who will now offer me her love?" Mother who was a source of shelter like the *kalip-tree* has deprived me of a thousand joys. Where has she gone giving me the pangs of separation. Death has laid his hands on her and uprooted a thick shady plant. Every one has to go one day. Life is a union of four days only. On a watery waves, bubbles rest for a few moments. One comes and one goes. This is the game of life. Many are lost in darkness and ultimately become worthless. One weeps the other sings merrily. One raises songs of lamentation, the other sleeps on the bier and enjoys great comfort. Just as there is seen a line on the waves, life and death visit the world. On this earth game of separation is too. Some weep lost in love. The

autumnal leaves point out this fact. This life has been made perishable. It is a tale of smiles and tears. Hope is turned into despair. Our mind has become dejected and sad. Life looks wanting in hope or hopeless. Feeling the pang of separation, tears flow like a rain. Tear-drops at the edge of the eye-lashes give us the sense of fall shedding pearls of tears."

The whole family was weeping. Even the moon was dim in the sky. Dim was her speed. Clouds on the sun in the daytime looked spreading like one surrounded in a Fort on all sides. The flower like face of Bhagat Ram looked serious and crumbled. His mind grew sad and his steps were slow. He grew fed up with work. In the absence of his mother his body became as dry as crop dried up for want of rain. His tears cried out, "Oh mother, you should have lived a bit longer, O'mother you should have scattered pearls of love, O'mother earth, why have you sent afar my mother whose lap was my swing and cradle too and who was the radiance of my eyes. When shall I see my mother, my eyes ever thirst for her sight. I can't ever keep concealed the wounds by my mother's death in my heart. O'Earth, you are my second mother. Tell me where your sister is? I entreat you with folded hands. Hungry are my eyes. Mother is known as the embodiment of truth and painting of truth too. The source of folk-songs, more emotional than a poet, a cool thick shade, She is the Encyclopaedia of love terms and possessor of knowledge and wisdom. She is thirsty for the love of her son. She is the deep mine of love and fondness. She makes no compromise in love. Son is for her a sort of incarnation deeper and sweeter than her cravings. There is no increase or decrease in mother's love. It is ever the same. Wherever she goes she keeps her mind riveted up in him. She has a pure soul like that of a seer and a true wisdom like that of a preceptor. She is the admirer of her son's virtues and gives him sermons in religion. She shows the path of life and influences his childhood. In adversity when the people desert us, the mother stands dauntlessly by us. The mother talks to her son, at times talks of religion.

The day passes merrily and the journey of life is traversed soon. She sows the seeds of affection and keeps her love concealed. She fills her son's mind with virtues and fondles him with affection. She is the guardian gardener of the plant and feeds him with knowledge and raises flowers of emotions in his mind and improves his lot. So the son follows the path of affection which is the best path indeed. She nourishes him like god-Vishnu and is ever well-wisher"

At last the domestic life of Bhagat Ram was disturbed and the family life was spoiled. The weaklings fell to the buffets of time and got caught in the quagmire. Their boat was caught in a whirlpool and living became difficult. He recovered from the shock and then controlled the affairs of the house.

Bhagat Ram thought, "The world treats all alike who so ever takes a step forward. It pulls the legs of one who moves forward. It pulls the leg from behind. But he who still marches forward does not feel obstructed at all. He goes on moving uninterrupted. Who can obstruct him? Hard labour leads wealth as a fan leads air. Unless dark clouds spread in the sky there will be no rain in the Sravana-rainy season. Thus Bhagat Ram discovered new paths. He produced pearls with hard labour and they were so beautiful and valuable. No body in this world can be a source of help to another. The days of *Satya-Yug* have gone and pitch dark *Kali-Yuga* has arrived. Now he related his tale full of pain to everyone . Every acquaintance and stranger have betrayed. The surroundings have changed. The people have changed their attitude and behaviour." There was a sting in every word of the world. In every word, there was hypocrisy. They talked cunningly this way or that. Insincere and hollow were the words of the people. They talked wickedly opening offices of maliciousness and animosity, "The world is a two headed she-snake. Any thing can be expected of it. The jealous have a good time here. He who can give a tit for tat can change things to his own advantage. Time is all powerful, yes, time is all powerful. With the lapse of time, friends turn into enemies. Clouds

of misfortunes gather together. Many receive the buffets of time and cry. Many receive knock from the world and soon acquire stability. The wise policy of the world is that we should understand the trend of time". Bhagat Ram lost in a recurrent reflection tried to convince himself. "It is not here or there, but at all places this evil exists. The history of love in the world is written with tears. Only he can climb up rocks who takes cautious steps. Thorns accompany roses. Troubles accompany happiness and joy. The burning sun emits his radiance. Same is the case with human activity. The moon that smiles is actually in tears as she walks with tottering steps. A lover sleeps weeping. This is the secret of all existence. What is the value of tears? They flow on smilingly. Thoroughly immersed in pain, misery and trouble they relate their own story. Nightingales can not warble for ever in the garden. Rejoicings and merriments last only for a few days. Joys are not perennial in the world. Sorrows are also countless."

DEATH OF FATHER

Now his father was confined to bed, Bhagat Ram pressed his feet. In the service of his sickly father, he spent his days and nights. At times he would place his father in bed in all comfort then have a little sleep himself. The afflicted father gave his blessing extending his hand in Bhagat Ram's back. "Come and have my affection, my end has come, my son, my final hour has come. I can't exist for long. I think my disease will now devour me all". Bhagat Ram sent for many physicians from far and near. They got tired of providing him treatment. He got little relief. The physicians strained their every nerve and gave him many beverage and extraction. But he could digest nothing and vomited out everything. The father clasped his son to his bosom. His heart welled up within. Tears of affection began to flow from his eyes as if Sravana rainy season had brought its rain-fall. Father said, "My son, Bhagat Ram, may you live long; your father's lamp of life is about to go out. A dark night is coming." The son then placed his head on his

father's feet and lay down. The father said, "Go and take your rest, go to bed dear son". "The son felt a load on his heart. As he pressed his father's feet, it seemed that Rama had again taken birth in Dasratha's house. Thus the father received the inevitable summons from God. He was taking long breath. Death had cast its shadow on him. Thus breaking into the fortress of the body, the messengers of death entered his person. The members of the family who stood by remained standing helplessly vacating the cage of clay, the soul evaporated. What could medicines do when the breathing failed, "There is no remedy for death". All experts bear evidence for it. "The world is just like a dream. Nobody abides by us for ever. The man is an image of five elements wisemen all know. He comes for a short while only. He is to stay here only for a few days enjoying fame as well as enduring humiliations in this brief existence at last he leaves behind his family and his relatives". In a moment the soul bird swan flew away and reached his original home. The morning star at last set, "Only God is the ultimate truth". They said, "The bubble of water had vanished bearing no longer the puff of breeze. The *Pran-breath* mingled with the universal soul and five elements of the body mingled with dust. At that time, Bhagat Ram felt a chagrin in his heart. He had been deprived of his father's protecting hand. This grief for him was unbearable. Such shriek rose from his heart, he fell like dry leave, he wept, he shed bitter tears. So much so his father's death, made him weep. He could not bear this anguish. He clasped the corpse and wept. He beat his chest and shed bitter tears but this was of no avail. "Respected father why don't you now speak ?" Said Bhagat Ram. "How have you fallen into a prolonged sleep? Where have you gone? You have gone to sleep. I am weeping. There is darkness all around. I see nothing in all directions except my family that is lost in tears." The bier was brought from the place of cremation. The pall was prepared. The funeral pyre was erected by the dear son and Bhagat Ram set it on fire. The fire of the funeral pyre burnt ablaze. The whole sky grew dark. The

funeral ceremony was over. Now God would help the departed soul. "Is this the ultimate end of man in this world that he is reduced to a heap of ashes. The five elements of body go back to dust." While the soul is surrounded by the messengers of death." The pyre fire subsided on the fourth day. The ashes were collected and thrown into the Ganges. The Pandas (priests) got the funeral rites performed at Haridwar. At Machhiwal later on, Bhagat Ram was made to wear a turban. The whole responsibility of the father was entrusted to Bhagat Ram who was now wholly and solely dependent on God. God was the sole support and main stay for him. "God who illumines every particle and does all construction and destruction. From that day in his heart of hearts he would invoke the Name of God." He would then kindle the candles of memory and offer worship making a candle of troubles and putting in it the oil of sighs. He caused illumination in the mind. It brought him in communion with God. The flowers of his hearts would welcome God. Making use of his tears, then he would wash his face and observe reticence and offer his prayer with tears in his eyes. Now for him the world had become a new problem what was its basis? "What is the solution to this problem ?" He would ponder over it a good deal. As he reflected upon the solution of his questions, there rose a great stir in his mind. The conceptions of life and death frequently crossed his mind. "Which country man has to visit? How far is his destination? What are the ups and downs on the way? None longs for death. Life is to last for a few moments. It must at last come to an end. Then a calamity befalls the bereaved. Life means ever going forward and not to sit down tired. It is ever to trudge a set path and not to stop in disgust. It is to traverse land, cross oceans and scale mountains and to march on vigorously. The sun, the moon, the stars, all are in motion. Families alike go on. Here worries are born as soon as we take birth. The heart-felt desires turn into tears and relate the tale of life" The father died and responsibilities fell upon his shoulders. Business men started their game opening old

ledgers. Some said, "Bhagat Ram, now settle your affairs yourself, settle your accounts and business dealings of your father and settle after due consultations." During the same year, Bhagat Ram grew quite alert to solve economic problems. He took many a step. In this way the well also began to work when further dug up. The difficulty was solved in a short while. Some problems were solved and some remained unsolved. Thus, the canoe of life fell into a whirlpool. Hope and despair joined together and occupied his mind. In the pitch darkness of despair hopes enkindled their lamps. Hope and despair moved in a circle neither stopped nor broke off abruptly. Those who feared the obstacles of the world, had to bear hardship again and again. Those who offered a challenge to the entanglements of life ever marched on the path to progress breaking the stones on the way plunged into the struggle of life. Their feeling of eagerness became the canoe and their will became the oar out of the whirlpool of water. Courage took them afar. Bhagat Ram reflected again and again "The world burns with envy. Its inhabitants are all envious. It bites like female asp and leaves a trail behind. The world throws stones, pebbles on the path of the way farer, alas ! Those who can keep themselves safe, go away unharmed and save their honour" The society proved a storm but Bhagat Ram did not lose his nerve. It blew away like a straw as the shadow of a ghost. Those who walked straight did pay heed to the voice of the earth and could confront this adverse type of the world. This love of struggle defeated the opposing tides. His mind became more resolute and improved his lot of life. The sacred soil of Machhiwal beautified his being. He remained firm like steel which even fire could not melt. Many a time shortage of money tended to modify his thoughts. In his mind he kept struggle. He had little sleep. The ups and downs of life convulsed this way and that as if asps were convulsing in the way of Bhagat Ram charmed by the *Been*-a wind-instrument used by snake-charmers of struggle. He stuck to his path. The breeze of new youth blew faster and faster as his work

progressed. His saucy life tossed and rolled and smiled at every step. Sweet fancy in the act of flying scattered pearls for the future crossing the forest of complications. It sang like a cascade. At times, youth passed like the breeze and struck against mountains. Life became full of conflicts, a confluence of victory and defeat. Carrying the harp of victory and defeat in his hand, he set out in his journey, social relations silently and invisibly stirred and tinged his mind. The waves of responsibility ran and made his restraints all the more. The delicate family ties restrained his free actions. Bhagat Ram expressed, "Life is like an ocean which is full of saltish brine. Life is like a transitory dream not so good to enjoy. There is no sunlight on all sides. There is shade on many sides too."

After the death of his parents, the house-hold was ruined. The uncles and relatives put him to great embarrassment. They watched him with alien eyes. All the friends and relatives became strangers. Soon a dispute arose and the property was divided. They gave him the ruined waste land. He felt a severe blow at the heart. The sorrow stricken Bhagat Ram's longings had died. He thought that courtesies and all considerations went with the living only. His business suffered a set back and went to rack and ruin. The creditors made their appearance while he could not return even the principal. The world underwent such a change as he had been pricked with a sharp thorn. He looked at life on all sides. He found the people the Devil's incarnates or devils in human shapes. The world looked quite different. How to adjust himself with it ? How could he clear his accounts? The world was burning in the fire of jealousy. Infinite selfishness existed every where. He was lost in thoughts and he had dreams day and night. His wife, Krishana tried to encourage him. Who had ever defied destiny ? His mother and father had passed away. Their death made him more and more afflicted. He took himself for an orphan. How could he vie with God? He was lost in deep reflections. The world looked like an inn or a passenger hall and he a sort of guest. He would ponder over

the past and the future. The present was like a half-covered journey and the journey was very long. Mind received many knocks. Life was not an even and straight path, all knew it well. All failed to understand the mystery of life. His boat is in the ocean of existence and he knew not how to get out of it. Strong winds blew in its front and it could not bear their fury. All the people around were victims of so many troubles. They moved about in despair and had no aim of life. The Punjab was ruled by the Muslims who sat with splendour and pitiable was the plight of the Hindus. Where could they find justice? On the other hand some Hindus were like opium eaters. They shut their eyes on troubles. What would happen, they would keep reflecting with closed eyes. But their reflection or inaction did not prove their refuge. Hard were the times. Any thing could happen. All felt equally miserable. Life looked to him just like a hillock. A business responsibility fell upon his shoulders. Secondly tyranny was on all sides.

Two days back, it was hot like fire. It had turned into a cremation ground. The fire-she-asp was violently hissing. The earth and heaven were burning. The vast nature stood quiet. The human beings were being parched like grains. There was no water on earth. The children were feeling awfully hot today, "Cloud has appeared and spread. All are singing merry songs. The cloud is raining sweet fragrance. All are happy in their house holds. Thick dark cloud has spread as though to scatter nectar. Fragrant breeze over whelmed with joy was moving about here and there. New water particles enhance nature's beauty and nature looked so pleasant. Every forest that has risen on any side has led to the beauty of the atmosphere. Countless rivulets have started flowing, stirring and convulsing themselves. The deer saw the wonders of the water. They began to dance spiritedly, wearing green headgears here came the married women to propitiate rain. Lost in sleep and dreams they were recognised by the flowers. The song of the breeze was adorning with pearls, as it was lost in the sky. The winds gave it way. The washed paths were smiling. The peacocks

had worn embroidered cloak. Glow worms were wonder struck to see it. The silken kerchief of the twilight took up feigning ignorance. Like the delicate sweet melodious tunes of a song, the Sravana season spoke out. In the vermillian dyed hands, the moon lay bashful and shining bashfully. She was pouring out light. The pleat of her hair shone so dazzlingly carrying grape like redness. On the forehead silken coloured radiance cast its shade "The dawn of youth has arrived. The vegetation is all an echo. The ecstatic one looks like a mirror. She requests with folded hands. Wearing the bangles of cascades proceeds the married woman. Red-coloured tipsy verdure undergoes many a beautifying fashions. The sunrays with new colours who can resist their sight in the world? How can veils and coverings conceal growing bulging breasts? Her rainbow-like waist too assumes many a bend and curve. Rain wearing a green head gear appeals to all minds and hearts." Her new, embellished shape and colour seemed to have descended from Heaven. The Earth bathed in colours. Her longings rained water. Flower birds woke up from sleep when koels sang their songs, banks tried to kiss the tides. Trees swayed to see them. Flowers blossomed through their touch with the breeze. All directions smiled. Buds appeared in clusters. Fragrances celebrated their marriage. Youth rose like an ebb and flow breaking all restraints. New aspirations, new dreams new decorations and embellishments made further contributions. New flowers bloomed and smiled and said, "This is, this is true youth." They related the Saga of Nature. Koels sang with renewed throats. They came to express their minds, their hearts and their sincere emotions. Youth flowed like a stream. Clouds poured down rain. Birds and butterflies frisked about. Youth made them play many games. The smiling flowers taught the world-winds made a noise. Doing its make up in heaven, a new beauty had descended on the earth. As though to reveal Himself God had shown this beauty. Sailed away collyrium like clouds, the sky became clear. A golden ray, so sweet spread. How wondrous the sight!, a gentle breeze, a sweet delicious

weather, spread every where sun rays. The earth wetted by constant drizzle came to dry in the sun her mantle. Then waves were naughty and restless. As the streams flowed, soil shone on the banks. The body of the earth was all a glitter. Wonder exciting were her sights. Every limb of the earth was neat and clean. She was wearing genuine beauty. At places, soft-silken grass was growing as if Sravana rainy season had arranged the flowers. At places the earth seemed to have worn a green mantle with a golden orchard carved on it. Beetles sang melodious songs. The world looked entirely new. How fine looked land and water as if gold had been scattered everywhere. The way farer saw that in the Lanka of gold, a light had been scattered. In fact, life was taking rest everywhere.

BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER

Time lapsed amidst smiles and tears and sometimes passed living at Machhiwal, in the neighbourhood of nature. Bhagat Ram managed all affairs. After sometimes, a daughter was born. She was named Darbar Kaur after many a propitious rite. The girl was very beautiful and virtuous and had none equal of her. As though in his life, there had come a great upheaval. He got a ship in his life in deep stream finding this string of love. He pulled it to the shore. He remained ever pleased to see her as if new light had entered his head. The period of two years, thus, elapsed. The girl acquired full consciousness. By this time Bhagat Ram became thirty six years old. An idea struck his mind as he thought of a son. Krishna too, had an ardent desire that a light should enter the house. So that the family should march forward to advancement and prosperity. Only a son could do that. The lack of a son made Krishna's heart plunged into the dark. Four years time elapsed. All around he felt darkness too. Krishna's desire was right. In his heart, he felt a bit despondent. Hearing taunts from others a strong desire now cropped up in his mind. A son was needed in the house hold just a star which guided the ship of life and took it to her final destination.

When the domestic affairs caught Bhagat Ram in their grip, the world weariness over whelmed him and he was lost in thought. Krishna sitting by him said, "Let us, go to the Guru and seek his blessings for the birth of a son by rendering him personal service. When shall we leave Machhiwal? What is your view respected husband. I shall also accompany you to Anandpur Sahib along with Darbar Kaur. Now a burning desire has cropped up in my mind. It will keep off all evil influences. It will avert all calamities. When shall we go and have Guru's sight and see his countenance."

The month of Phalgun (February-March) was about to start. The mind felt restless. How replete with sweet smell and ardent longing it was. How extraordinary were days and nights. The drumlet was beating to the accompaniment to new songs and it made one's mind mad with excitement. The graceful light of the moon was full of sweetness. How wonderful koel's enchanting notes too had a thrilling effect on life. The breeze was wafting on its wings from afar. Sweet fragrances were pouring there into everyone's lap. The bee-hives filled with honey were engaged in paeans of gratitude. The ploughs were at work. Some one was sowing seed. All this made one's mind go mad. Krishna said, "My dear husband, it is occurring to me in my mind again and again. Please listen to me. Let us go for Guru Gobind Singh's *Darshan* (Sight) at Anandpur Sahib. Let us go at once." Her eye-lids filled with tears in the state of expectancy. She said to her husband, "It is learnt that pilgrims are leaving for Anandpur Sahib. Let us go and adopt the Guru's faith." There was a graceful evening presenting a delightful and beautiful spectacle. In that atmosphere the wild fragrance was almost drowned and diffused. Over a large distance in the wild forest even tracks seemed to have been lost. The unknown paths were quite complicated and ran like coiled snakes. Before the Phalgun Full Moon-*Puranmashi*, a large number of pilgrims assembled. It was the year 1700 of the Christian Era. All were bound for Holla Mohalla. The sun light was myrtle-

dyed and soothing and was gradually acquiring rosy appearance. The puffs of sweet breeze were blowing in the fields and the latter were waving joyfully. Buds coming out of the plants and trees awakened sweet hopes. The young sun was getting speed. Birds were singing in the course of flying. The nestlings opened their eyes and were making a great noise in their nests. The sun's disc was expanding as it was moving on and on.

PILGRIMS TO HOLA MOHALLA

Early at dawn the whole congregation assembled and got ready to attend Hola Mohalla which was a special festival and would be celebrated. Some started with the faith that the Guru was the saviour of all. They were seeking divine blessings and making solemn pledges. They chanted holy verses while proceeding to Anandpur Sahib. Many rode on horses having taken their baths. Many took to their feet and followed in their wake. All agreed to this suggestion made by Bhagat Ram with folded hands that every rider would relate something pertaining to his own mind and inclination. Then they won't feel any loneliness or fatigue on the way while relating tales, tit bits and gossips. Their journey would be pleasant from morning to evening. They should proceed reciting holy words to the residence of the Great Guru Gobind Singh Ji, the crest bearer and the keeper of hawks. He would bless them with the Name of God. In a fine weather, the pilgrims set out when the flowers were in spring and beauty. The crops swung in their youthful state and related a charming tale. All were clad in very gorgeous and colourful clothes. Some wore garments and bore marks of ecstatic delight on their faces. Beautiful fields welcomed them turn by turn. The persons in the company were going on towards Anandpur Sahib.

ASTROLOGER

The astrologer wore a Dhoti and wooden shoes in his feet. In summer, he put on a muslin shirt and after a bath

applied a Tilak to his forehead. In winter, he wore woollen socks and woollen clothes. On his shoulders, he ever kept a warm woollen blanket and thus adorned himself. While going to the urinal, he would tag his sacred thread on his ear. He would rotate and tie a thread around his toe too, and thus endeavoured to control his senses. He looked like a monk as he sat in a cot. He had a lean and thin physique. He used to chant couplets of sanskrit language. He was a deep and earnest preacher and moraliser. He was very vivacious by temperament. His devoted followers would send him charity goods in the day of first day of every month. He taught and instructed moral principles to all on the eve of an eclipse, all his bags were filled with seven types of corn. His followers would present to him straw fans, clay pitchers, melons on *Akadashi* day. He made predictions which fully convinced the people. The world highly eulogised his Astrological predictions and praised them to the maximum. At the time of eclipse, he would advise the women not to straighten their bodies while yawning. To the pregnant women, he would instruct not to move about too much. He was held in great esteem every where. He was called, "the knower of past, present and future." He could see into three ages. He would open a famous book of astrology called *Bhrigu Samhita* to give predictions. He was very fond of talk. Unnecessarily, he could prolong a talk. His way of talk was dramatic equally. So in making his calculations, he could pump up many a customer. He would provide him a great pleasure. After the customer's departure, he would laugh and thus he related his travelogues. He would say, "This innocent and guileless world was created by God Himself." All depended on one's planets, God had played a game. To subdue their husbands, he could help their wife's heart with ravishing magic incantation. He could give them many a twisted thread saffron-dyed to be used as instruments. He did a lot of good to poor boys and girls. He would find husbands for poor girls and did many philanthropic deeds. Many times, he would disburse from his own pocket to do a *kanya-Dan* (to

give a girl in nuptial charity) he was highly known in the locality for sharing the troubles and woes of the afflicted. He enjoyed great respect with shop-keepers and showed them great affection. Even the wives of the shopkeepers were his devotees and many land-holders almost worshipped him. He would tell the rich gluttonous women, "I can save you from your sins. I absolve you of all your misdeeds. I can save you from evil effects of the planets. I can change and amend the judgement of *Dharam Raj*. All secret files of *Dharam Raj* are with me. I can destroy all sins committed by chanting Vedic Mantras. It is child's play for me to avert evil effects of the planets by performing a Havana Yajna (Kindling a sacred fire). I can suggest remedies of Saturn, Rahu and Ketu. I can reunite the separated ones." He advocated penance, self-torture and renunciation and his conduct was regulated by principles. He would instruct his followers to give food in charity and to offer prayers. At seeing, sometimes the mysterious play of God, he would shed pious tears. He was soft-natured. He greeted and welcomed everyone. He used to render all loving service. He performed a Havana. When he sat for prayers, he would put shawl around his neck. Even the observers were moved to tears and made constant petitions to him. His votaries gave him money and garments. When he sang holy songs, he would sing in Mira Bai's style and sang hymns ceaselessly. When he beat cymbals and swaying to and fro, he would ravish the hearts of even the passers by. He made the predictions without charging anything from the poor people.

It was a matter of credit for him, when he earned enough from a moneyed person. He would extract a lot of money from the pockets of the rich by making a loving and flattering approach. He firmly understood that riches or poverty was nothing but to be lucky or unlucky in the matter of wealth. Ups and downs were due to directions of the planets. He was expert and specialist and very wise in astrology. He was knower of combination of planets. He used to quote a proverb "Fools obey planets while wise men

control them." He used to quote also Manthreswara, a great Rishi and Astrologer of South India. "Planets are always favourable to one who is harmless (does not wound others) who possesses self-control, who has stored wealth earned through virtuous means and who is always observing penance." He well knew the methods of *Vimshottari Dasa*, *Yogni Dasa* and *Ashtori Dasa*. He himself owned no house, land or any property. Nor had he any other occupation. He earned his living from this profession only and his family had a nice living. He also had a knack at begging for charity. He kept his eyes on donations and charity. He got more corn than money. He had many a trick and special art to obtain things. The dispute between men and women, he settled himself. Being so wise and clever he disentangled the mutual complications of the two sides. To make horoscope, he had employed an assistant. Though he himself was a great scholar of Sanskrit and Panjabi Languages yet for the common people he used Panjabi Language in grand style to influence the customers. When he gave instructions to his assistant calling him young one (Barkhurdar) a light sparkled in his eyes. Then, his face bloomed like flowers and bloomed his every limb. He was a great wizard. He cast a magic spell by relating any event, legend or tale or driving wild gossip. He boasted too that he had earned the blessing of Lord Brahma in his predictions. He accompanied the pilgrims on a mare borrowed from a Landlord. He would tell Bhagat Ram with emphasis, "Incarnation has taken place in *Kaliyuga*. The world will undergo transformation as is recorded in *Bhavishya Purana*. "That is why I have come for the sight of a great and sublime incarnation. He seems to be true incarnation of Vishnu, Rama or Krishna. On seeing the decline in society he has come here. He has appeared in the name of Guru Gobind Singh, the beloved Lion of God to assuage the sorrows of the afflicted. To me it seems that Guru Nanak himself has assumed the shape of a Singh-Lion. Thus showing a glimpse of himself, he will uplift the lowly and downtrodden. All evil wishers will fall. Then holy and pious men will come forward and face

the fury and accept the challenge of the storms of tyranny. The saint-soldiers will destroy the evil-doers. God's light has incarnated as a man." To his companions while riding told a tale called "Praman" i.e. proof thus "I am saying a tale with proof that every grain is reserved for a special person. Please follow it at once. I am offering a proof what I say. It will make you laugh immensely. Every grain is meant for a particular person. Such is the faith of Astrology. Those who don't have this faith, always remain sad. Once a beggar (Faquir) was passing a field quietly. Some Jats were quarrelling with one another. The Faquir paused and listened to the quarrel. It was about grains. The Faquir's thought was very deep. Every grain is reserved for someone. The Faquir said, "This is a nice thing. The grain that is written in one's fate certainly goes to him. No use of having a wrangle." Said the Faquir. A Jat said to the Faquir, "I do farming. I don't accept this view. Please advance some proof in favour of your contention." The Jat said, "Tell me O Faquir, I don't agree to what you say. I can eat any grain you say and thus refute your assertion. If you say I shall eat it immediately." The Jat thus grew impatient. The Faquir too was an advanced person and a man of accomplishment. The Faquir had a spell of deep thought. He bent low and picked a grain from the heap. "This grain falls to the lot of a hen. None else can eat it." The Jat took with great pride the grain from the hand of the Faquir. Then said with great conceit, "Speak from where should I begin?" Lo I can eat it at this very moment and at the same time he extended his arm. In a hurry he threw it into his mouth at the very place where he stood. As God willed it got stuck up in his throat. The same grain of corn, the stuck up grain began to give trouble and the poor Jat convulsed with pain. The labourers took the Jat to a wise physician. The Jat wept with folded hands could utter no word at all. The physician gave in the Jat's nostrils a little bit of snuff (Naswar). He had very loud sneezes and produced a terrific sound. The grain came out of the throat and fell at some distance away. By chance there sat a hen in the midst of a dung hill. She cackled as she dug up the

heap. She at once picked up the grain with her beak and swallowed it in no time as it fell into its beak. The Jat seeing it became much surprised in his heart of hearts. The Faqir had left by that time who had given this proof. The Jat began to search for the Faqir. But now he could not find out the Faqir. His kith and kin began to believe in the proof that the Faqir had given. Now they realised that "every grain bears the mark of its possessor. One gets what is written in one's fate. What can a man do? We can't pick a grain to eat of our own accord. Nothing can be had without good luck. The Jat now came to realise it."

SETHANI'S CHARACTER

A Sethani (well to do woman) set out to see the Guru. It would keep off all evils. She became a widow at a young age. A man and a maid servant accompanied her. They waited on her at all times. The congregation was proceeding to Anandpur Sahib after making a special preparation. The Sethani had red lips, wide broad forehead like a cut off watermelon, wearing Salwar-Dupatta which was white and adorned her well. She was of medium size. In her right hand she had a rosary of Rudrakhsha. Her lips stirred with the name of God. Indeed she was a splendid Sethani. She betrayed a quiet, simple and gentle smile while chanting Gurbani. Her voice was shrill like that of a fierce wind. When she sat for Kirtan, she chanted sacred hymns. She swore at every step whether one believed it or not. Swearing by the name of Guru Nanak she broke her speech abruptly. She had a slight nasal tone. She had small nose. She had no mark of animosity in her heart, nor had she malice in her mind. She spoke broken and rough type of Hindi. She was a Panjabi Sethani quite ignorant of Persian and Vernacular (Urdu). She chanted daily hymns. She was proficient in kitchen work and expert at cooking meals. How to break a piece of bread and put into the mouth, she took a special care of it. While eating she did not like too much to move her lips. While taking bread and vegetable, she did not wet her finger. She won't let the soup spoil her

fingers. She took many a dish. She sat squat while taking her meal with full mental composure, caution and care, lest a drop of soup should fall upon her breast with negligence. She wore a green shirt with pink flowers carved on it, wiping her upper lip with her tongue, she drank water in a big pan. Never she allowed any greese to touch her. Quite fashionable was the Sethani. Studying the habits of rich and big people, she skilfully imitated them. She was expert at imitation. She was merciful and performed acts of charity everyday in the morning. At times she sang love songs mingling melody with pathos. The sight of a rat frightened her. She could not bear to see it. A wounded animal, a dead dog, she could not bear to see even once. She would prepare her bread from golden ground wheat and drank milk like water. Buffaloe's milk, newly milked (obtained) appealed considerably to her. She was fond of the stream of buffaloe's milk. She would press the teat herself even though there was no scarcity of milk. No scarcity of anything else. She also had a poultry farm in her house under a small straw roof. She made a knot of her hair daily with her pointed fingers. She had small cuplike eyes tipsy-type in nature.

Sethani now related the story of a Pandit who possessed many books. "Let me tell you trick of a woman. It happened so. Please listen to the talk, a woman had with a renowned Pandit. The Pandit carrying the load of books was going to some place. The woman said, " Are you going to teach someone? To give someone knowledge in charity?" His books contained tricks of women recorded there in heaps of ideas and policies of the whole world. He amassed and put there in owls, foxes, ducks, drakes, monkeys, cows, donkeys, wolves, scorpions, snakes, flies, hens and counted their characters and temperaments. Finding the woman beautiful, the Pandit stopped and came near to say something. On the other hand the woman rolling her eyes went on talking. The woman said, "I don't subscribe to all the tricks, respected sir, who can know the minds of women? Your work is therefore imperfect." Seeing the books the woman took the Pandit inside her house. The

Pandit began to turn the leaves. Tricks of women fell into his sight. From afar in the meantime she saw her husband coming. She bid the Pandit inside her house, putting the Pandit into a box. She locked him up from outside and served a meal to her husband very cheerfully and had no other talk. The whole story that coquettish woman related to her husband. The husband did not believe in what she said and went back to his shop. The woman rose and opened the box, where the Pandit lay scared and unnerved. The woman asked if in his books, he had such feminine tricks, the Pandit came out of the box and said, "No, they are not at all such. I have never thought of it", said the Pandit most unnerved. "Countless are the feminine tricks as unfathomable as the sea." The woman said enraged, "Set on fire your books, what is the use of writings so much. No use of writing in heaps when you could not write such a small trick. No use of this detailed writing when it could not mention this trifling conceit. The Pandit felt much ashamed and exclaimed, "O wonderful ! wonderful are these women. Your tricks in the world surpass all bounds of wonder."

MERCHANT'S CHARACTER

The Merchant had a forked beard and kept with full grace and care. He wore a silken shirt and a turban on a cap. While the cockade rose high. His shoes were carved with gold tissues. He rode on a horse. He was of good fame, clever at conversation. He had a worldwide tour. He had a very great art of business transaction. He had spread his wide dealings. He said that the boundary-line between India and Kabul was a most unpleasant thing. He was very eager to abolish the boundary-lines between trading nations. Exchange of Indian with foreign coins was a profitable task indeed. He advanced rebutting arguments and he had no equal in business. He was fully conversant with Arabic, Persian and Turkish Languages. He knew all the old and new bargains between India and Kabul. The list of import and export goods had at his finger-tips. He ever

wore beneath his shirt a small slight dagger. He had trade in every country. He conducted trade on credit basis, nobody knew this fact that he ran into debt. He had organised his business and all went well apparently. The methods of acquiring goods on credit were no short of miracles. In fact he was a man of credit and remained busy day and night. He was brisk at striking bargains. He was ever in need of money. He rode a beautiful mare. He obtained gifts. He perhaps belonged to the family of Makhan Shah and several times he seemed to derive his lineage from the blood of Makhan Shah. Within with all devotion, he meditated on Guru's feet. He said, "By the Grace of Guru his canoe would reach the shore." As requested by Bhagat Ram, the merchant began to tell a "Saying" of holy men. Thus he said, "O listen to me with care. That appertains a holyman who lived at Bukhara, I have heard it from some one. Now I convey it to you. I have made no alteration. But I convey it simply. At Bukhara on a track; holy man was moving on a day. He found an apple in a stream floating in the water. The holy man was extremely hungry. He waded in the water and brought the apple out of water and ate it without further care. Then came in the mind of holyman (Sain lok) a deep serious thought. Why he ate another's thing? This question arose in his mind. He was monopolised by this worry. He proceeded along the bank. Then seeing some apple trees, he sent for the gardener. The holyman said to the gardener, "I have eaten your apple, please, take its price from me and give relief to my mind or I shall have to account for it in the presence of God. By eating the fruit of others, I shall lose all respect." The gardener said, "The owner of garden is a prince living in the town. I am only a watch man, go to him please. The distance is not very great." The holyman went to the master taking hasty steps. He saw the man of the house and conveyed the state of his mind. The man told the holyman, drawing his attention, "I was entrusted with the garden by the master who lives at Balkh." The holyman thought of Balkh's distance. It was a far off place. He

thought that it was nearer than hell. He decided to start on the journey. Reaching Balkh, he enquired of the man moving from place to place. The people said, "A few days back, the man had gone to his business. He had left for Baghdad." They explained to him the whole thing. The holyman reflected again on a momentary pause. He felt that compared with hellish torture Baghdad lay at a short distance, so he made for Baghdad without any further delay. The people said that the man had gone to Kufa town as it had been reported. The holyman was lost in worry. Nothing lay in his control. Fearing hell, the holyman reached the Kufa town and related the whole story. All that happened to him. He added, "Please accept the price of your apple to restore me to self-respect that I might escape the divine displeasure and be not burdened with interest." At it the man was surprised and said, "It is the question of an apple which brought you from Balkh to Kufa covering vast distance." He said, "Sit down and have your meal, have it to your fill." The holyman said, "I won't take any meal, only relieve me of the burden of my sin." He said, "I have given my garden to someone out of love. Please ask him and he will tell you and he is the owner of this business." He went to his house and all story related to his wife that a holyman had come. He was afraid of hell. He is abstinent, a bundle of virtues and an embodiment of gentleness. He added, "I wish to engage to him my daughter. Despite search the like of him is hard to find. He is gentle pious Faqir of God. He speaks sweet words. His expression is pleasant." The woman said, "In this town, in respect of wealth none is our equal, just bear it in mind. Then our daughter is so beautiful, She is virtuous and well-accomplished. There is none to equal her. Weigh well and consider. We are not aware of his parents. Nor do we know of his whereabouts. What is the use of abstinence alone? He has nothing to eat and drink." The husband answered. "He is gentle of heart, pious, pure and simple minded. Such a one we have never seen before, the lover of the true path over the matter of an apple from Bukhara to Kufa. He has

covered a long distance." The woman said, "I have not tested the holyman and I don't know anything about him." The man said to the holyman by way of test, "I thought of giving you a very easy test and to ascertain. Please accept my daughter and become my son-in-law. Then I shall give you the right to the apple. Don't refuse to comply with my request though she is blind and worthless and crippled yet she is quite obedient." The holyman grew worried to hear it and began to deliberate, "Such a wife, the trouble of whole life. The consequences of this marriage are clear but the anguish of hell is said to be greater if I don't take her for wife. It will be less than the tortures of hell the trouble we face in life" Then he accepted the offer for marriage thinking, "Joys and sorrows both befall a man." When she came into the holyman's house, he found the girl most beautiful. She was a pure light. All her limbs were quite in tact. He was surprised to see it. He said to his mother-in-law, "Why did you tell a lie?" "I can not pull at all with those who tell lies. Your husband is a liar and not frank, candid, clear and true." She answered, "He is right in what he says. He is not an ignorant fool. She never cast an evil eye on anybody. So she may be called blind. She never talked ill of others. Nor did she cause any one harm on hearsay. That is why she may be called helpless and worthless. So don't be worried. She never touched other's things or goods. Nor did she do improper things. So you may call her crippled. so he has spoken the truth." Then the holyman was pleased and he heard a voice from heaven. The voice addressed him and gave him true guidance. "O holyman, I have given you such a boon, a capital beauty which will improve your future life and have a canopy spread over your head."

BAWA'S (MONK'S) CHARACTER

The Monk of Mahavir Arena led a strange life. Hunting was his main hobby and his habits were queer. Mahavir Hanuman was his object of worship in Hanuman

Temple. He worshipped too the idols of Rama and Krishna besides other Hindu (Sanatan) deities. Seeing his votaries wearing rosaries, he would give a brief smile. In the orchard at the small well, he would rub himself well at the bath. He was fat and well-fed. With small beard and long hair and extended sparkling eyes and cheerful countenance he smiled at every step. He kept good horses in the stable in his fondness for hunting. He looked graceful as he rode. He was tall and smart youth. Man or woman who ever saw him stood to see him more and more. While seeing he did not wink at all and his ringlets bit on all sides. He would ride the horse with a leap. The little bell tagged to his rein rattled and jingled many a time. The sound caused by the little bells came in a most bewitching manner. The mare trod made a tingling sound and played at every step. Cutting capers the mare went and bells round her neck made a tingling sound as "do the bells round the neck of a dromedary mingling their sound or a devotee in a temple tries to appease God and rings bells after certain intervals." In the ancient cloister of monks, he would advocate a change. He would dream of bringing out a new age from the womb of the past. He was fond of forging dreams of creating a new era from the past. He won't regard hunting as anti-religious. Thus holding bow and arrow, he would daily go on hunting and taking hunting for a great exploit. He used to say that "Lord Rama was a great hunter. He had killed many a deer. Hunting is the task of a Valiant. Beast killing or offering a sacrifice was a great deed indeed". To hesitate in the matter of eating and drinking he would not like at all. He used to utter that to remain long confined to his cloister like a fish residing in water or to observe austerity, renunciation and self-control was to waste one's precious life's time in vain. To make one's body lean and thin with austerity and penance, to worship gods and goddesses or lying in a corner recluse was indeed a negative approach. To show a craze for God, and keeping sad throughout life was not good anyway. He thought that he had no need to chant Mantras while feeling helpless and

despaired. To pore over Mahabharata and Ramayana and to remain ever engaged in Puranas or to follow constantly, the ancestors or to glorify God were all useless and wastage of time. He never felt any need of intense manual labour. Why to cram up religious lore? All this was incompatible with his temperament. It was better to lead a life of ease, and comfort in the world. To eat and drink was true religion. What was the need of hard labour. He always decried intense manual labour, when food and drink were otherwise available. For him personal or self service was social service. None else can be trusted. He was a good horseman and expert at riding. Hounds ever followed him. Keeping constant watch over him. He would hunt deer and tigers invoking the help of Hanuman. Hounds flew like the wind and tore the game or victim into pieces. His shirt and sleeves were embroidered and flower carvings on the right arm as we found on Ajanta Caves. Such was the portrait paintings on the front part of the shirt. There was red embroidery. There were carved the figures of Radha, Krishan and Ram making use of many coloured thread. He wore an ochre-coloured light cap and wore a pearl necklace around his neck and a small dagger hung to the gold chain. After taking meat he would scrap his tooth with a gold blade scrub of the size of little finger and known as '*Khurchani*'. Whenever he removed his cap, baldness appeared in the centre in the light of the Sun. It shone like a glass mirror. He would apply perfumed oil on his face. His skin shone bright. Fat and sleek body with few wrinkles in his face. His eyes shone bright to the right and left and rolled in all directions. They burnt like cinders. They glittered so dazzlingly. He ever wore to his feet a leather shoe with soft leather. It was made from some calf's skin and suited to his size. For his ride, he brought up a mare fed on ghee and butter. He would feed her on almond, kernels alongwith other rare things. Many a time, he baked the flesh of the game and ate it. What was more important than luxury as he found it. The world was an abode of happiness, not of trouble for him "Eat, drink and enjoy". He

liked Guru Gobind Singh brave, youthful warrior. He was the maker of the present age. No untouchability in his followers was visible.

Now the monk narrated the story that he knew well. He said, "A monk lived in a cottage. He would go to the town's. crossing thrice a week to preach his sermons cleverly. In sermons he would lay stress on charity. In the world he ever preached that we should share our belongings with all . In talk and religious preaching, his fame had spread afar. When he spoke they would say, "O, light has spread in the world." One eve at the cottage door, there came three unknown men. After salutation, they made a request and even touched his feet. "You preach to the world to be charitable and share their goods with all. You support your point with detailed anecdotes. Now they should teach to you to have a good sense whom God had given in abundance. You should share your spare wealth with all. Those who have enough to spare. They should distribute their belongings among those who own nothing. We have not the least doubt. You are a charitable man. Wealth has brought you a fame and made you rich affluent. Now you should also distribute something with your own hands. Give something from your treasure. We all the three are paupers. We are at present in bitter need. You may study us, with utmost care, we need only a little amount while you have many a lakh." The Monk of the cottage said with great cleverness, "Friends I have nothing, I too feel miserable, only a bedding, a mattress, a water pot, you may take them. Take whatever you like I have shown them all." He further added, "I have neither gold nor jewellery or silver. My plight is miserable. How can I help you?" The three looked at him with hatred turning their eyes towards him. Then they turned their back upon him. They had fully tested and tried him. At last going back those men stood near outside his door. They looked at him obliquely and remarked, "O wicked Monk, O deceitful, fraudulent Monk, your teachings and preachings which you never act upon, you are a bad character."

There was a Shastri. Learning and teaching was his occupation. He had mugged up six schools of Hindu thought which were at his finger tips. He was fully devoted to his studies. From Benaras, he had acquired all his education. But he had not yet learnt the various ways of the world. His mare was lean and thin. He was as thin as a reed. He was chanting Mantras (Sacred words). He wore tight plaited-trousers and above it a whitish shirt. He could hardly earn his living ever since he never joined the school. Fraudulent practices of the world, he could never know. He could get no job and complained of injustice. He was ignorant of Persian and he confessed his helplessness. He crammed up fully Asta Dhayai as it was all grammar. Taking Panani for a basis, he began to write a dictionary. Day and night in the midst of books, he had spent his whole life. He kept books beneath his pillows while going to sleep. The number of books was countless. Black and white were their covers and other volumes were of various colours too. He was called the master of *Vedanta*. He remained ever sad in his mind. He said, "There is none else. God is one and there is not anything else. He would say with full surety. He asserted full faith in Brahm, Manu Simrati, Geeta, Darshan (Philosophy). Instead of clothes, he bought books. Thus he improved his intellectual powers. Gold, Silver and Wealth had not yet fallen to his lot. He could hardly support his family. Bread and pulse were all, he could provide. He could not digest milk and had given it up for years. What ever money he got from friends from his admirers and acquaintances, he ever prayed for their well being with his folded hands. He spent this money on books only. He spent major part of his time in studies. He was brief of speech ever retained his reticence. He spoke in conformity with grammar. He was an authority on grammar. Exact, pure, appropriate, concise, he was as he related a religious tale. Logical he was in everything, he said, as he explained the truth immortal and guided all in learning

virtue and acquiring true happiness. He highly enjoyed his studies and wished well to all. He regarded Guru Gobind Singh as a sublime literary artist who had come as an apostle of God to provide guidance to the people of 'Kaliyug'. 'Sacha Guru', a warrior, God Himslef incarnate. Brahmin, Kshatrya, Vaisha and Sudra, he collected them all together and preached unity and converted congregation into Khalsa Panth. He was crusher of the Evil Doers. He was father of the Khalsa; king of kings and bestowed immortality on all .

Shastri told the "Bachan", Maya i.e. utterance of Maya. He said, "We acquire knowledge by listening to utterances of saintly people." Simple Language he used. Logically, he narrated utterance as if he were a lawyer. He once saw a Maya taking her for a woman. Maya had hair on her head which was extremely beautiful. But the hair in front of her head were broken portion. The hair on the back were some what removed. A saint on seeing Maya said, "Tell me why it is so. Why your fore and behind hair so broken. Tell me the secret of it." Maya made reply, "My front hair have worn out through constant obeisance." She would knee down before saints and rub her forehead on the ground again and again and would say, "Please, accept me and do love me. The saints won't accept me, they call me deceitful and faithless and call me as changeful and fleeting and call me an ephemeral shadow." They said, "They are devoted to God and contented. That is why they don't pay any heed to me. They are rich in inner happiness. Thus it is that my front hair fell off through carelessness. I follow the saintly folk. They care not a fig for me. The hind hair of my head crumbled down. They broke loose and were lost. The worldly people want to catch hold of me, the men of wealth in special. I cannot be easily caught. So they try to catch hold of my hind hair. I elude and escape their grasp in a new way. I put off the greedy and the avaricious. Such is my glamour and attraction. They cast nets upon me. But they can't hold me for long and are caught in a snare. I follow my own way and they then raise a hue and cry. A

sweet smell, air, light, shadow can't be confined to a place. In this way the hind hair of my head have crumbled and worn off. The world hankers after me and wants to hold me firmly. In this way the hair of my head both in the front and behind have fallen off and gone. Please listen to my utterance and consider."

THE BOATMAN

For a long time, Jiwan, the boatman had set up a straw hut across the river. Dwelling at the bank of the Chenab river, he had spent his whole life. Since his childhood, he had rowed the boat as if it were a sea-vessel. He plied the oar in water with skill. He knew all the ins and outs of the art. If some one came across the river or went the other way, he would pay the boatman a pice and finished the Voyage at once. If ever alongwith a woman, there came a youngster, he won't charge any fare. But said, "let him grow older". At dawn he would resort to his work when people happened to sleep. In summer and winter at dawn, he was seen in his boat. He had been rowing the boat by now for full thirty years. Still he was strong and firm. He had not a single grey hair. In summer his complexion grew brown sugar. In winter his physique turned gold brown like 'sherbat'. At night, he cut off the ropes of the boats of the enemies, set them afloat and took revenge from them. Thus he retaliated from his foes. At times he would ride a mare with a multi-coloured cloth spread on her back. His shirt upto his knees dangled as he moved. A dagger hung on one side under his arm and could be seen by all as he rode. At times he caught fish, baked them and ate with zest. He would relate the story of Ludden, a boat man mentioning the Heer in detail. Thus time easily passed for the passengers in the boat. At times he overcharged them for carrying across the river. Fights were too not in frequent and he quarrelled and fought with much arrogance. He won every fight he entered. He again made peace. He would conduct him to the village end and come back again when ever there was a heavy rain, he would charge excessively. He had so often

received a thrashing from dacoits. On a pitch dark night, he kept his boat alert. He could sail it against the wind and never met a defeat. He used to say, "Had Sohani (of Mahiwal) been his contemporary even though her sister-in-law had changed the pitcher under any excuse, he would have taken her free of charge to the bank of Mahiwal. He would have carried her through all the stormy nights and perils Sohani would never have been drowned nor lost her life. Sohani and Mahiwal would not have received even the slightest harm. When a storm would brew in the river; he would know first of all when tides would rise and when the weather would be fine. He could foretell dangers from the turn of the tides sailing and ferrying in the water, as he had spent his whole life. Far off over large distances, he carried his boat smoothly. At times he had been day and night in water. In Panjab, he was conversant with all the river's side adjoining villages and he knew all the turns and twists. He was also aware of the watery depths. He was a good and active swimmer. Once holding his buffalo's tail, he swam throughout the night. He waded in the stormy Chenab and reached Multan in the morn, as he had to buy some goods, some domestic articles. The boatman cherished a longing to see the Guru, the Apostle of God. "I take the people across water, he takes them across the ocean of existence. To have the sight of such a Guru is to sail in the air Ship of Divine Name. He desires to sail in the ship of Divine Name. The Guru secures from trouble and sends us to Paradise." He too joined the pilgrim's party and rode a horse with them. He borrowed a horse and he purchased a new rein and got ready at once. Every moment he cherished in mind and said, "Guru Ji, grant me salvation and let me not have another earthly existence. Do me this favour O' Benefactor. Forgive my sins."

The boatman told the tale of a priest and a non-christian woman. He said, "I relate the tale of a priest who was quite-neatly dressed. He reposed full faith in the christianity and was a staunch believer. One day, he stood in the church on a strong windy day. Dark clouds appeared

once and overcast the sky. A non-christian woman came standing outside the church. She said to the Revered priest. "I stand at your door. Father I am not a christian. What ever knowledge I have. "Can I too have salvation." totally ignorant as I am. Can an humble one as I have immunity from the Hell-fire. The angry priest said, "Not at all" and his face was drenched in sweat" Only they can have salvation who have quaffed Baptismal water and who have adopted christian faith and frequent the church." The moment the priest uttered these words. Fire was blown off from the oven lightning thundered and fell from heaven. Spread far and wide Lightning fell on the church and filled it with fire. The townsmen came running to render any help. They rescued the woman. The priest was totally ruined and consumed by flames. Whatever belonged to the church was consumed by fire. As the whole world saw it, the lightning caused great loss. This fell all of a sudden and thus loss was great.

THE COOK'S CHARACTER

The cook could make pulses, vegetables most delicious and tasty. The vegetables of all seasons he could prepare in liquid form *Firni* and *Karhi*, Mangoes, carrots and turnips, he could convert into pickle. He also had the art of preserving sauce. He also stole his master's flour and minced his coins. From his appearance he was honest and popular in the village. If ever the master reprimanded him, he did not feel pinched. Let there come ten guests, their meal was prepared at once. His sense of cleanliness won applause from the guests. He kept a cloth piece on his shoulder and a long top hair on his head. He wore a loin cloth and was sweet and melodious in speech. He too with his master's permission and relinquishing all routine had developed a great longing to see the Guru. He said, "I would seek absolution for the sins normally committed. When the respected Guru grows kind, his slave will get salvation. In buying food, he had a great skill. He knew all the market prices and his dealing was quite frank. His

friends and companions when assembled had jokes that by eating butter, he was growing fat.

The cook narrated that Anecdote (Totka) saying, "Come near and I shall tell you an anecdote myself. A guest called on a man quite out of time. At home were only man and wife and no more members of the house. After baking bread the woman was free from the kitchen. She had cooked four loaves for herself and four for her husband. For the sake of a beggar, she had baked the ninth. Seeing the guest at an improper time, the woman got perplexed. She said to her husband, "I can't work in this cold. I can't fire the hearth twice and work in the kitchen". The husband said, "Worry not; the loaves that have been cooked will serve our purpose." He said in all affection. The husband whispered some thing in the ears of his wife. When the three sat for meal to eat in piece meal, three loaves were given to the guest. Just remember and consider, she gave three loaves to her husband. Thus the purpose was served. Two loaves she placed in her own tray and started taking her meal. One loaf she wrapped in a cloth and kept it safe and secure. When the husband had eaten three loaves the wife said, "Please have another loaf. It is quite fresh." "No, I don't need anything more", He said with arm stretched. "Either fools eat more than three loaves or the silly Gluttons, I have not to take any more. " He made a curt reply. Hearing it the guest thought "Three is a suitable number." The woman when brought the fourth loaf for the guest and said, "Please have one more, only one more." The guest refused to accept any. He had some more appetite. She also offered one more. But with a serious face the guest still said, "No" He said, "I am not used to take more than three." So the woman took that last third one and the guest felt disappointed. Thus all the three got three each and the matter was settled. The couple proved clever. The guest was totally deceived.

Now the cook told another Affair(Gull) utterance talk, matter verbal expression or account. Thus he said, "I am here relating to you another good account. It contains more miserliness and less cleverness. A woman named Gurdai

behaved in a miserly way. Her husband was more miserly than she. Once it happened so. A guest came to that house and was disinclined to go. Gurdai to get rid of him hit upon a plan. She made with her husband the pose of a fake quarrel over some trifle. The man getting enraged gave her many stick blows. The wife raised a hue and cry. Her cries were heard all around. The guest got frightened to see it. He packed up his luggage and made good his escape for the safety of his life. After his departure, Gurdai made a make-up of her face. She came and stood before her husband in all embellishment. She said, "My name is Gurdai. I cried out with a dry throat. I did not weep at all. My body is quite safe and sound. The man in a boastful manner said, "I too made a full pretention. I may also tell you all. I gave club-blows to the walls. I did not hit you at all. I only hit the wall and it made a tuck-tuck sound. The guest infact not left but sat in all splendour laying his bed he waited behind the house that he might return again. Seeing both laughing he might bring back his package. He went in and said, "I too, am called Gurditta laying my bed. I slept behind. I too, did not leave at all. Gurdai and her husband became totally non-plussed. Both blinked at Gurditta and rued the consequence.

WOOD-CUTTER

The wood-cutter labourer having faith in the Guru borrowed a mare from someone and got ready to accompany the band of pilgrims. He wore a turban with a white cockade (crest). The crest looked like a sword blade. He put again and again his hands in his jacket for money. His nose was pointed, eyes glittering and he wore milk-white clothes. Behind his shoulders hung a bunch of arrows. He looked quite neat and clean. To arrows he had attached peacock-feathers to give them better speed. He could make bow and arrow himself and they fetched a good sale. He was expert at wood-work. He even kept his instruments with him on his one side suspended a sharp blade dagger just like a garland. In his left hand he carried a long sharp

sword. A small shield lay on his back which he had tagged so nicely. He had deep faith in the Guru with infinite devotion. He uttered frequently, True Name (Satname). He uttered Satname in pious ejaculation, "Be merciful, O Master of *Kaliyug*, O' incarnation of Narain. As Bhai Lalo had been blessed by Guru Nanak himself, so Guru Gobind Singh will bless me playing the role of mother and father."

Now wood-cutter related the story of a crow and a sparrow. He said, "Lo an animal story I am going to relate o' Brothers. It refers to a crow and sparrow. Please, listen to me carefully. Once there were a sparrow and a crow. Both lived in the same village. The sparrow came by a grain of rice and the crow found a Mong-grain. Both together cooked hotch potch. It became a round ball or a sort of lump. The sparrow went to the stream to cleanse its beak. The crow made off with the lump. The crow then perched on a tree and began to crow again and again. Give me my share by coming down a little. The greedy crow said, "I shall eat alone." He made this reply. "Prepare some more hotch potch". Said the crow, "We have separate accounts". The sparrow said to the tree, "Kikar-Tree, please listen to me make the crow-fly off the branch and send him to me. "What harm has the crow done to me?" The tree made this curt reply. The sparrow felt humiliated and began to sing remembering the various verses. The Kikar-Tree did not fly away the crow. Nor the crow dropped the lump. How could the poor sparrow live? He drank cold water and withdrew. The sparrow flew to a carpenter and said, "O Carpenter cut down the Kikar-Tree at once, then the crow will fly away." He said, "What harm has the crow done to me?" He refused to comply with her request. The poor sparrow weeping reached the court of the king, "O' King, O' King, take him as a prisoner. " She urged repeatedly. The king said, "What crime has he committed?" I cannot put him into prison." The sparrow flew and reached Queen and said, "O' Queen! O' Queen, please, feign anger with the king." But the latter did not accept this humble request. The sparrow flew and reached a snake and said, "Please bite the Queen." The

snake said, "What offence has the Queen committed that I might tease and molest her." The sparrow flew to a cartman and made earnest entreaty "please crush the snake under your wheel and thus take his life." The cartman said, "What harm has the snake caused that I might do an evil deed?" The Sparrow flew and reached Fire and shed bitter tears. "O' Fire please burn the cart. Fire refused to do. What harm has the cart done to me. Why should I burn it?" The sparrow flew and reached the water-carrier, "O' I have come to your door for help. Put out the fire, o goodman and do this favour to me." The waterman said, "What has the fire done that I might unreasonably extinguish it?" "Tell me some other deed of charity that I might win some credit". The sparrow flew and went to a rat and said with great affection, "Please gnaw and nibble at the leather bag of the water-carrier. It is but natural to you." The rat said, "What has he done. Just hold your tongue and tell. I donot gnaw at anything in vain." Led out of malice, the sparrow said to the rat, "Please think over it a little. If you don't gnaw the leather sack, I shall come to grief. I shall soon call the cat and show her your hole. She will certainly eat you up. I shall soon send for her. The rat heard the name of the cat." He got up with some thought to gnaw the leather sack. He got ready at once. When the rat began to gnaw the leather sack. The sack owner said with folded hands, "Respected rat, please donot cut my sack. I shall do what you desire." The rat will gnaw the leather sack. The leather sack will put out the fire. The fire will burn the cart. The cart will crush the snake. The snake will then bite the Queen. The Queen and the king will feign anger. The king will imprison the carpenter. Then the carpenter will cut the tree. The tree of Kikar will put to flight the crow. The crow will drop down the hotch potch ball. The sparrow will eat the hotch potch ball half the part as the crow would have given the sparrow. The sparrow felt relieved as she began to eat the hotch potch, then with full gratitude to God."

THE PRIEST

The priest hailed from a distance village and was a good man. He performed public marriages and was fond of religious education. The knowledge of the Geeta and Upanishdas with mastery over Sanskrit, Purva Mimansa and Uttra Mimansa were at his finger tips. He could deliver a good sermon enriched with references and quotations. He followed the truthfulness and virtue. He prayed off and on. He regarded Guru Gobind Singh as the incarnation of Lord Krishna. He recognised only the Krishan of Mahabharata and not the Krishna of Puranas. A devotee of the Guru's house. He regarded Guru's teachings as the only guide in the *Kaliyug* as a man of action and perfection, Guru Gobind Singh was unfathomable. The priest used to teach the village folk himself most generously. He was a man of fortitude and clairvoyance. He could set a fool right. He never lost heart in adversity. He used to listen Gurbani. He could read and write Gurumukhi. He would give in charity one tenth of his income. He served the people and realised fully the value of social service. He ever served the poor. He did not injure their feelings. He used to go on tours on vast areas and he brought a horse load of goods home. Many people for the sake of sermons and hymns took the priest with them. He was ever true to his principles. If some one came to call him, he invariably accompanied him. Should there be any ailing person in the village, he would go to inquire of his health. In an other's weal and woe, he invariably had his share. While walking, he carried a stick in hand like a warrior carrying a sword. Against a dog, serpent or cat's attack he was ever on his guards. He taught in sincerity with his actions. By quoting from Gurbani "Hāṁḁsōṁē ōf mīṁḁ īs' thē hāṁḁsōṁē ōf fācē", he would repeat again and again." He said, "Call that man truthful who is true of heart? There are no two views on truth. Nothing is true except what is pacticable." He said, "If gold gets rusted, what shall iron do. If the shepherd himself gets astray, the sheep will flounder too. If a well-read man is corrupt, of bad character, evil of deeds and of ill-fame, he who is illiterate, wanting in sense and reason, will carry no

weight and will be good for nothing indeed. No wonder then if the masses get corrupted. It will be shameful for the priest if he does not show good conduct. The priest should do those noble deeds which set a worthy example for others, just as through its contact with wood even iron begins to float. Through its own deeds, he showed the right path as the shining moon illuminates her path. A good life is always regulated and well-disciplined. It is bright here and here after who takes the drowned out of the well with the rope of Divine Name. He pulls out those sunk in mire and guides them in their way."

"He should bring about reforms in the village rather than run to Haridwar and help them with sense and action. He must render easy their problems." The poor followers are his disciples. He will protect them as a shepherd protects the flock against tiger. He guides them in a difficult situation. Thus enjoys the appellation a "headman". He did good deeds, was religious and virtuous with little contempt for the sinners. Free from bitterness, chaste and sweet of speech he often said that charity, virtue goodness led straight on the way to Paradise." "The aim of life" he used to say "is to be pure and truthful". He would speak even to the evil doer, the arrogant in a frank and strict manner. He did not believe in false splendour. Nor did he get his feet pressed from his followers. Service, respect obedience he did admire though he never accepted charity by killing his conscience. He studied Gurbani, Gita -Upnishads. He ever remained in simple clothes. In his mind, devotion to the Guru caused a great upheaval. The Guru combined power with devotion. When in the state of wonder, he delivered his sermon. He visualised within Guru's figure as figure of Timeless Divine. He took a horse for Anandpur and rode it. He was accompanied by many a follower besides his kith and kin. He said, "Great Guru has come in my life as an incarnation of God. I hear with his sacred glance, he can lead to the shore of salvation."

The priest then related a tale to the people thus, "Once a man went to bed in the state of thirst. Thirst tormented

him as he lay miserable in bed. In sleep his soul came out of his body and wandered in search for water and visited many a place. At first the soul saw all the pitchers of the house. Those that were covered with lids. Not even one seemed to be lidless. Next it went into the house of the neighbour crossing its walls where the house wife had forgot to cover the water pitcher with a lid. To drink water as the soul entered the water pitcher by chance some inmate of the house just rose and moved about seeing the pitcher uncovered, he placed the lid on it. The soul was thus confined in the pitcher with the heavy lid upon it. The man did not wake next morning. They shook to wake him up. When they failed to awaken him, they raised a hue and cry taking him for dead. They started lamentation. They wept and cried and beat their breasts. All felt plunged in grief. Through the street when his pall was being taken slowly and slowly. By chance to take water some one went to near the pitcher to have water he removed the lid. The soul took to flight leaving behind the pitcher. Its body it occupied, when it reentered the man got revived again. He got up rubbing his eyes the man whom they had taken for dead. Such a one was called ghost. So all took to their heels. Some elders went near to enquire mustering up their courage. The man then related his whole detailed story all that he had seen in the form of dream quite unusually in the world. All who heard were struck with wonder. It was a novel experience. It all looked so strange. "Since then it has been in vogue when a bier is carried or conducted in front of some one's door, he must pour out pitchers full of water so that the soul might not be detained in some pitcher of water but it should return to its body and spare its kinsmen tears."

LAWYER

The lawyer was reflective and wise often tested and tried. He was believer in God and a true devotee. But he could not abandon greed. He lived in great pomp and show. He ever kept the legal point in view. He was the king of

law. He settled disputes adequately. He only once charged his fees. He totally fleeced his customer when he had some work with the state. At many places, he had bought plots by looting and exploiting the customers, he spent on land. He kept nothing with him as deposit. At first he studied the case and called his client "brother, brother". He never accepted less than demanded and then readily changed his behaviour. He had his irons in too many fires. He kept engrossed in so many tasks. He seldom enjoyed leisure. None was busier than he seemed. He felt the want even of minutes and moments. He seemed busier than he was in all his official tasks. All judgements big and small were at his finger tips. He could pour out in a moment all legal terms and phrases. He had mugged up even legal sentences to the admiration of authorities. He studied with full care all previous Mughal records and documents with judgements and decisions. All was at his finger tips and could immediately recall. In preparing cases, he was expert and was excellent adviser and very cunning too. None could find fault in his drafting even though he might be Minister. He knew the sections of every law. He thought always legally. He knew well ins and outs of law and important judgements of the higher courts. He wore gorgeous clothes and put a shawl on his shoulders. With costly garments he showed pomp and show of a rich man. His face was ruddy like pink. Hearing the fame of Holi Mohalla, he took and rode a horse to enjoy the sight of the Tenth Guru. He got ready at once. "The Guru will forgive all my faults." A new law was given by the great, strong and warrior Guru invoking the blessings of God. To lead a life sublime, the Guru founded the Khalsa to help and save the good ones. He told victory be to Divine Sword and free distribution of food. "He himself is the preserver of the masses, he will bless me with the boon of devotion being so merciful and generous."

Lawyer began to narrate a policy story of the fox in the well. He added, "Please listen and I shall tell you a story relating to a diplomacy. It is popular in the world pertaining

to some place. A fox fell into a well though otherwise so clever and tried hard-but could not get out. She became much worried and troubled. In the meantime, there came a he-goat to the otherside of the well. He inquired of the fox if she had drunk the water. "How much water is in the well? How many arm lengths is it deep?" The fox said, "It is also sweet. Come down here please. The he-goat so recklessly at once took a jump. The silly fellow fell into the well making a loud thud. The fox climbed up his head and perched on his horn. Then getting out she said to the he-goat, "O' he-goat have you to say anything? Have you owned even half the wisdom as long as is your beard, you must have considered twice rather than weep and cry as now. Before leaping into water, thus, you should have considered a lot. Now by falling into the well, you would not have faced this disgrace."

PHYSICIAN

A clever physician, man of wisdom, sober with profound knowledge as he had studied *Dhanwantri*, *Charak*, *Lugman* and other great physician's books. He had mastery over medicine. He wrote recipes for the patients. He operated upon sores and would press out all puss. Many a time he surprised the world by showing his wonderful art. The village folk regarded him as the wisest man of the world. He knew astrology alongwith medicine. He would hold the patient by the arm. He diagnosed maladies and ailments from the horoscope too. He had full knowledge of remedies. He administered medicine in the light of the patient's planets. By observing the colour of the tongue, he predicted past incidents. From the patient's pulse, he could foretell many things. He was master of many sciences. He also had knowledge of sorcery. When his intellect struck wonders spreading the network of talks, he would conjure up pictures. Considering him a man of religion, the people bowed to him with reverence. In a white loin cloth (Dhoti) and with a *Tilak* on his forehead and a sacred thread around his body was visible through his velvet shirt. Cough and

cold before him vanished in all helplessness. He would eradicate ailments altogether. Even the most serious diseases, private diseases, swellings etc, he could easily cure. His recipe was no less than an elixir. He would convert gold, silver, iron into medicine to transform oldmen into young ones. He would ask them to take medicines with butter and to take plenty of Ghee and milk. His own food was simple. He took a light diet and took plenty of vegetables alongwith four loaves. Red, yellow or striped vestures, he wore so frequently. He offered worship, performed *Havan-Yag* and did holy recitations daily. He observed fast on the eve of full moon and felt so miserable abandoning all interest in food and drink. He reposed his trust in God. He spent a lot on clothes and vestures. He would have a new shirt so often. Whenever some epidemic raged, he made heavy earnings. "One may live or one may die", he would never spare his fees. He loved gold in special. He amassed it eagerly and kept and took a keen interest in metals and knew their all mutual distinctions. He was a rich physician indeed. His metal dusts had a good sale. Especially rich old people used to buy. They gave him much money in lieu of them and showered all their praises. Another such expert and rich physician was not seen all around. He lent beds and bedings to the sick in the morn as well as in the eve. Now his mind was sad and gloomy as he proceeded for the Guru's sight. Longing in his heart that one day "the Guru will fulfil my keen desire and will bless me with a son . He is the omniscient of mental maladies the greatest physician and possessor of complete knowledge." He took his wife with him and she rode a mare. He rode a separate horse. Inspired by love for the Guru's feet, hearing the name of the Guru, his mind got most devoted to a great philanthropist and warrior, the *Krishan Murari of Kaliyuga*. "Guru Gobind Singh is the remover of ills, griefs, fears and disentangler of all knots who has made greater sacrifices and who enjoys a great glory. He is the melody of the unmelodious and the shelter of the shelterless. He is the alchemy stone who with his touch will throw out all impurities. He is the fulfiller of

all desires that great crest bearer expels all woe and enlivenes the mind by casting a single benevolent glance. He raises and uplifts the lowly and downtrodden. Strange and wonderful is his role."

The Physician (Vaid) narrated "Siddhi" a story of Spiritual Accomplishment and Half-headache. He said, "I shall tell you of 'Siddhi', a spiritual achievement which is known all over the world. It is the conquest of half-headache as understood by holymen. Once a woman had a severe attack of half-headache. She felt most miserable with ache. No medicine could alleviate that ache. Her husband took her to a 'Peer'. Recluse or holyman who was chanting Holy Name. Seeing the woman so miserable he diagnosed the cause of the malady and chanted the Mantra (Magic words) for the cure of half-headache. He conjured up and called the image of disease (Adhsisi) in front of him in all obedience in a bird's shape which appeared before the recluse. Her half head was pierced through by arrows. She had a dreadful shape. The Recluse put her in a cage and imprisoned the half-headed one. Then staring intently at her and asked her, "What have you done? Who are you to cause trouble? Why have you tormented the world? Tell me the whole in detail whether you are a reality or a shadow?" The bird said, "I am the ghost of a woman and now I have appeared in the shape of a bird. I had had no issue. So I have employed a clever trick. I went to the crematory at midnight feeling distressed at heart and exorcised at the pyre of a youth and thus I might fulfil my wish. The soul in a male shape might come and monopolise my womb. My wish might be satiated. I made the last bet. Then I washed my hair, cooked rice and ate it. The villagers saw it in the cremation ground. They watched it from a distance. But none had the dare to come near me as if I were infact, a spirit (ghost). All watched it as it happened. But when they in my head thrust a number of arrows then half the head was pierced by arrows. I endured all the arrows. From that day if on a person, there falls my evil shadow, he begins to feel ache in the head at once. Such is the miracle of God." The

bird in a imploring way made entreaties to the recluse. She prayed for her release and wept before the recluse who on condition released the bird-ghost that wherever the story would be told, she won't cause any offence. She agreed, "I shall flee on hearing the story". She then made a dashing flight. There was no longer pain, "It is thus a popular tale as related by the hermits. I have placed before you the substance of that tale."

FATTO'S CHARACTER

Fatto, weaver of the neighbouring village was a woman of virtue and talent. She was hard of hearing from one ear but held in affection all. Good luck or bad luck, she never heard any words in dispraise of anyone. A good blanket-weaver she was and had no equal in this skill. Her fingers were long like peapods or like the crotia stem. They helped her in making cotton blankets used frequently in works. They said that Fatto had no equal in the whole world in charity. "Eat and drink" she would say, "in the world as the life is short-lived" Whether there was a temple, Mosque or Gurdwara or some Dharamsala, she gave much in charity according to her capacity. In all affection or devotion, she kept handkerchiefs with orchard on four ends. Letters written on the kerchief suggested beauty, love and affection. Her teeth were wide spaced flate and white like butter and cheese. She took a diligent care of her honour and self-respect. She had secured divorce against three.

... In this very period of youth, she had a number of friends. Whether spiritual or mundane, love could not be relied upon. She had visited many places of worship relating to other religions whenever it came to her mind, still she cherished devotion and often purified her mind. Now she set out for Hola Mohalla with full preparation to secure happiness and peace. She made for the Guru's court. She said, "having the sight of the Guru, she will expel from her heart all grief." To get herself absolved of sin, she pleaded with tearful eyes. She was an expert traveller. By

the roadside, she could drive her mare fast through sand duns and bars. A depression appeared in the cheeks as she smiled. She never felt need of a veil. She wore a salwar and a net type of shirt. Her silken garments adorned her fully. Her thin waist turned at every step and cast a net upon the beholders. She was an expert at mockery. She had a radiant face. She knew the remedies of love-sickness. With her words, she effected a cure. From the renderings of Kama Sutra, she had learnt of feminine wiles. She knew no difference of Allah and Ram nor between a 'Guru' and 'Pir'. She regarded Guru Gobind Singh as an embodiment of virtues and a warrior and a profound scholar. Fatto made for Anandpur Sahib to purify her every limb and to get herself absolved of the sins committed and seek his blessing and mercy. She was seeking the path of true religion. She prayed, "Forgive, O' Forgive Divine. I am a profound sinner. Please maintain the dignity of one seeking your protection."

Fatto narrated "a parable of a hermit and animals on a mountain. A powerful Sufi-Saint lived on beauteous hills. He was a man of pure heart and soul. He was neat and fair in dealings. When pairs of birds and beasts came close to him, he would have talks with them. With his attention focused on God, all listened to him with joy at morn as well as eve. They sat ever close to him with mutual recognition. Birds proceeded to their nests with gladness in their hearts. Once as the sufi-saint was preaching the gospel of love, a female panther raised her head and addressed the saint thus "You daily talk of love, do tell us revered sir, where is your consort, we have never known of her?" He answered, "Of companion or Consort, I have had none" Suddenly, noises and cries raised a big uproar. The pairs of birds and beasts began to reflect at once. There were lots of whisperings, "The saint has lost his wit. How can he preach to us of love and relationships when he has no consort or life partner. Strange are his ways. What can he know of life who has no family himself? How can he guide in love, a waste of words indeed !" The pairs of birds and beasts deserted the saint quietly but contemptuously, they left him

in anger. That night on his mat he lay prostrate and weeping. He beat his chest with both his hands and cried "Ah ! woe betide."

COBBLER'S CHARACTER

There was a Karma well-known cobbler who made very good shoes. He made gold embroidered shoes and thus earned his living. He dealt in horses gold embroidered reins. He also skinned dead cattle and calves. He kept shoes ever ready and there was a great public demand. His reins reached far and wide as gifts beautiful and valuable. He was industrious and a man of true devotion. He was staunch believer in God. He used to render free service to many. True was his faith and devotion. He gave shoes free of cost to Muslim priests and Hindu Devotees. Sometimes he only charged the cost of leather and never got his wages. With charity he secured his peace of mind. He prayed to Ram and Allah and knew no difference between them. He used to hear the recitations of Koran and Puran. The worship of God, the creator, he would not go to offer his prayers to Mosque. He would sit in a decent company. He served the needy. He regarded all as his equals who lived in his neighbourhood. As to the poor, he was their servant. If the poor could not pay him, he won't send them empty-handed. He would cobble their shoes gratis taking them for the light of God. He would never send disappointed the beggars from his seat. But gave them some thing invariably according to his capacity. He had partly Sufi views. He did deeds of kindness and charity. He got instructions from the seat of Shaikh Farid. Sometimes, he used words of Guru Nanak, "There is no Hindu and no Musalman" All were human beings. All belonged to God and all humans were alike. He had long arms and long legs and absolutely dark-complexion. His beard was myrtle (Hena) dyed. From dark, they turned grey, such was the plight of man. He wore a chequered loin cloth and tied it with a knot of two chequers. He tied his money firmly and gave it many a knot. He wore a long shirt with loose strings on his strong physique. He

kept a rotated turban on his head. Thus he kept himself in comfort. He frequently chanted, "O' my preserver God." He often heaved sighs and said, "Please sail me to the shore." Long long ago, his wife had passed away. He worked hard all alone and ever awaited his death. Hearing of the fame of Guru Gobind Singh, he borrowed a mare from someone and got ready to leave for Anandpur Sahib and became a true devotee, "I shall get my salvation from the Guru" He said. He set out with great devotion. He left with firm belief that the Guru's sight would bless him.

He then started to narrate a tale of a couple. He said, "Lo, I shall tell you how God brought a couple together. Each surpassed the other. One was blind, the other a cripple. No match was available for a squinted girl. There was a defect in her eyes. It was the task of the barbers to select matches. It had made the family worried. It was the job of barbers to find and select matches. The girl's barber was able to find the barber of a boy. The boy's barber came from the well to do family. He searched for the girl only once. The barbers met together and the match was finally established. When the marriage party came; seeing the shining face, the barber on the girl's side leapt up, so eager to express himself. Looking around he said, "Squinted girl has won the battle" then the boy's barber retorted, "The lame boy could not stand. He kept sitting on the mare. God had formed their couple. The cleverness of the barber secured this happy match. The marriage partymen burst into peals of their laughter on hearing the barber's talk.

OWNER OF THE FLOUR MILL

In order to grind gross flour he set up a flour mill in the village. Wheat, Maize, Millet and Barley were ground by Guru Das. Who had broad shoulders, huge stature, big bones, with long hands. Muscular were his arms. His thighs were well-built. His eyes were big. It seemed he took exercise. He seemed to be a wrestler with twisted ears and dull edged. His age was still young. At times, from his nose,

there escaped a nasal tone. He had many a wrestling bout even in foreign countries. He had won many big prizes. He was a master of wrestling feats. He had big finger tips and he took hard exercise. He had deer-like round shaped eyes and his forehead shone like glass. He would block the air from the air he passed. He enjoyed a universal regard. There was no door which he could not break open with the strength of his shoulder in the twinkling of an eye. His beard was sparse moustaches curved and round bald head. A mole had settled permanently on the tip of his nose. The hairs on his arms were thick while his nostrils were wide. He snorted like a horse. He kept a dagger concealed under his shirt and his face was red like a furnace. He often recited humorous tit bits. Wonderful was his laughter. He daily recited the tit bits of Akbar and Birbal. All stories of love, he related with a smile when he worked at the flour mill. He charged his commission. He stole the surcharge when the customer's attention was away. He was given to stealing flour avoiding the customer's attention even though his earning was good. He wore white shirt and bright Dhoti. He was very fond of playing on the flute. He showed respect for all. A silken handkerchief hung to his flute and it waved as he moved. He kept his flute soaked in oil. Then played on it with great skill. He applied so much oil on his head that it shone in the sun rays. Some took it for sweat whether it was summer or winter. But in fact it was oil that sparkled. He wore three or four amulets round his neck and there were flower carving on the chest. One amulet he wore on his arm and called the amulet an elixir. It had been tied by his mother obtaining from a Muslim holyman. But now he was going to attend Hola Mohalla with elaborate preparation. He took loin clothes and dhoti-sheets with him and he rode a mare particularly. He said he would have a wrestling bout as well as the Guru's sight that he had been craving for long for the Guru's august sight.

He began to narrate the story of an oilman and a Qazi.
" Listen from me a story based on the red book. An oilman had a fat ox very strong and active. He fought with the

Qazi's ox. There was a big encounter. The oilman thought in his mind and at last got frightened. But mustering up courage, he did one thing wise. He himself went to the Qazi to avoid any anxiety. After paying his compliments, he said, "Respected Qazi, please do me a favour. Please answer a question of mine to save me from any remorse. Sir of two bullocks their fight against each other uncontrolled, will it be deemed a fault of their owner, please explain it in detail." The Qazi had little knowledge of what had transpired. He said, "There is no fault in it. It is an inadvertent fault. The cattle have no sense." The Qazi said in brief, "Beasts have little knowledge. What can we do with beasts? Cattle have no wit or intellect that is why they receive all beatings." The oilman was pleased to have this answer. He said in response, "My bull with your bull had come into encounter. My bull hit your bull and made him half-dead. On hearing it the Qazi's eyes turned red hot like cinders and said, "It is something unusual in the world and your question is equally uncommon." Then he read the red book with care. Consulting it he said, "I shall explain to you this all." From the book he pronounced this verdict, "The red book says why did you engage your ox in a dual. Why did you give him oil seed cake to eat and made him so strong and fat?" In return for an ox buy another ox and hand it over to me. One hundred rupees as fine with that as ordered by the red book." The oilman heard with worry the bloody red book. In worry he made for home. How strange was the verdict !

KARDAR (WORKER)

The Kardar was a patient of cough, a busy worldlyman as thin as a piece of wood. He knew the work of a Patwari. He wore a white turban on head and a salwar round his waist. He could count the lacs of rupees on the tips of his fingers. All got their accounts settled by him and did him honour into the bargain. He also settled disputes knotty and complicated. He had long ears and parrot like nose. His name was also Tota Ram. He woke up in the morning and offered his prayers but first he took his bath. He would say

those who woke up early in the morning, would all go to Heaven. Only they were the true devotees of God and would be liked and loved by Him. Whenever he removed his turban, he patted his head with his hands. He had a knotted top and golden hair, bright and glittering eyes. His legs were thin like sticks inside his salwar. At times the belt dangled in between his legs. Wheat, Grain, Maize and Millet, he kept with intense care. He kept watch over his master's land. His master was a young landlord. The master gave him salary besides a gift of grains. He calculated his salary at the end of the year. He could point out mistakes even in the government accounts. The young master held him in the utmost esteem and had great faith in him. When there would be rain, he would make calculations. From which direction, a storm would come, he could make a right estimate. How much corn was to be sold? How much was reserved for seed? How much was to be sold next year? He could make a precise estimate. He supervised all the cows, sheep, buffaloes, Persian mares, camels, goats, donkeys, cocks, hens, eggs and milk. He could count on fingers the numbers of trees, wells and fields. He could tell in a moment's space everything and anything. Everything was under his control and so was his master's business. The young master was only twenty five years old and was not very able at that time to spend money, and to pay revenue. The task of sowing seed etc, all was entrusted to him and he was to dispose all matters. He would get young boys engaged over long distances with that to settle all affairs. He had the actutest sense to finish the work. He was fully conversant with human psychology. He was acquainted with everything and an expert worker indeed. The whole labour staff was under him. He protected them as a fence enclosed a field. Wherever someone made a mistake, he would rebuke him there and then the labourers were afraid of committing any theft. He enjoyed full authority over them. He would tell all that committing a theft was to go from bad to worse. Very spacious was his residence enclosed by a wall around. It was a sort of a Bungalow

surrounded by a fort spread over a vast space. A wide compound lay before it ever over spread with cots. It was frequented by his guests and they came to and fro. There were milch cattle inside besides grass and fodder. He had reared many good oxen in the interests of agriculture. To bake bread there was an oven built beneath the tree where neighbouring women baked loaves at morn as well as in the eve. He sat on a big cot and he kept big pillows behind him which gave him full support. He had a chat with every visitor and coughed frequently. In the study of soil, no land owner could vie with him. He had bought a lot of land in a secret manner and recorded in the name of his daughters. He knew how to please his master with cleverness and skill. He led a luxurious life. He was only disturbed and troubled by cough and itch. He had opened a shop for his son. It had a flourishing business. His mare was myrtle-coloured and he rode in all splendour. He kept a willow stick in his hand and waved it again and again. He belonged to the village Massan on the other bank of river Chenab. His age had well-nigh reached the fiftieth year. Now he had inclined to worship and called the previous career and age all useless. He rode his mare for Anandpur Sahib. Out of devotion for the Guru's feet, he regarded Divine Name as a panacea of all diseases. Now he would have a sight of Tenth Light (Jot) on Guru Nanak's Divine seat. The sight of Guru Gobind Singh Ji promised salvation and broke all restraints and bondages. To destroy the cruel tyrants, Guru Gobind Singh had raised the Khalsa Panth (Corps).

Now on the way to Anandpur Sahib, he told, "A Gossip" dealing with the glories of the forefathers. He related, "Comrades come near I shall relate a single big gossip. Gossip is held the Queen of talk and chat. I shall not add any thing new. Once two Gossips sat together pondering over their elders. Each Eulogized his elders driving bombastic gossips. Each surpassed the other in gossip. In eulogising his elders, one said, "My great grand father was a man of great grandeur. A very very big man was he and his glory was beyond all limits. He owned a

number of buffaloes and cows and countless camels and horses. The store-house of their grains stretched over millions of miles. The other asked, "How long was it? Tell and I shall measure it." "From Lahore to Cape Cameron, it spread, you may be sure." At it the second gossip brought a flicker of smile on his face. "Is it a very big thing?" said he, "You have exaggerated the fact. How to describe your great grand father? He enjoyed much greater glory. He had a very big stick. "How shall I tell you my dear?" When ever he chose by stirring the clouds, he could bring down rain. They hailed him as an incarnation of god Indira here on earth. Once a little a lower star he struck down with his stick. Then placed it on the upper roof of his building for the night . But at dawn it turned black. It was the miracle of the star or it might be called a miraculous change indeed. He broke his black stone and built a house from it. That house was very strong and it lasted many years. At times in the sun-light, it looked like a bright iron sheet. It sparkled like cinders and its radiance spread over miles. When asked how long the stick was and to supply the answer in detail, "From Lahore to Cape Camron" He made this prompt reply. The first said, "I don't believe; quite incredible is your account." Where did he place such a long stick? Please answer with due thought." "In your great grand father's store house" The second one made reply. The first gossip made no answer. He became mum to hear it. This gossip and counter-gossip accentuate the gossip. A gossip infact is that "which puts the listener to wonder."

THE CHARACTER OF A BHATT

Cymbals in hand, ruddy of countenance, pink cheeks, like a rose, a dimple in the chin, deep sunken eyes, this Bhatt set out for Anandpur Sahib. He poured out a verse like the flight of a sparrow, a miracle of his nature indeed. His beard was pincered with pincer plucked many a time. Children were frightened to see him and clung to their mother's breast at his sight. They lost their breath with fear as well as all thirst and appetite. With a soft tongue, he sang

aloud swelling his throat with force. A couplet, a quatrain, kabit, chaupae, swayya, he could recite quite promptly. He used to take dry bread with onion. Then took a draught of water. He started a recital thus "Once there was a king and a queen." After quaffing a liquid of hemp, he uttered Sanskrit verses aloud. He entertained the unlettered ones with his verses many a time. Two or three verses from the Gita, he had committed to memory "yadya yadya Dharmas Gilani" (when ever there is decline in religion) he chanted and won fame. He extorted money by reciting verses. He also related stories with hyperbol and exaggeration. When some one pointed out his mistakes, he would observe reticence. As seeing a Moughal, one forgot Persian as seeing a Pathan one forgot Pashto, so seeing a Shastri or Sanskrit Scholar, he lost his Sanskrit. While he saw an arrow, he lost all senses. He uttered Radhe Shyam, Radhe in a loud vociferous voice. At times he sang with cymbals in the best of his moods. None ever felt bored with him. He filled his pockets very greedy of money in fact he would say, "Heaven is attained with charity. May the charitable one live long." He will make merry and enjoy himself in the world". He called happiness a gift from Heaven. He said, "Give me something in charity, I shall transfer it futher. I shall give it to the right priest and get your sins absolved." He said, "A remedy, hush money and Havna Yag are attempts to deceive Dharam Raja. The right thing is to help the needy *summum bonum* of life. One who does not help the poor directly goes to Hell. His social life is wicked and he suffers hereafter. He is crushed to death as cotton is passed through the cotton ginny or oil seed is crushed in the oil mill. One who is uncharitable to the poor has a punishment fixed for him." His eyes glittered and a Rudrakh Rosary was dangling from his neck. He was a counsel for the divorced women and divorced men. He was a great lover of money. He received money for effecting alliances and combined two heads together. He earned money through flattery. He could get no other job. He was proceeding to Anandpur Sahib to eulogise the Guru. He

said, "I will get all from the Guru all the blessings of God." To get his sins atoned he wished to attend the Guru's court. Guru Gobind Singh was incarnation of God who would lead him to the right path of success in the coming future." Bhatt too borrowed a dusty mare and set out on the visit "on reaching the presence of the Guru, I will highly eulogise him. The Guru taking me for a lunatic would shower his benedictions on me as on a dry and drought stricken crop clouds bring showers of rain."

Now Bhatt related two tit bits thus "My dear friends, come closer with your faces turned to me. I shall cite to you two tit bits in one. One day it was so hot and sweat so frequent. A king and his son set out on a hunt. When the air grew very hot, they removed their cloaks, placed them on a jester's back and got ready for the hunt. The king in joke said "O' Jester, alter a little now you have on your back the weight of a donkey-load" The jester made a prompt response without hesitation. With not the least shame, "What your majesty says is right. It will certainly bend my back. I am carrying the load of two donkeys. In fact, O' my great master." The king was dumb founded to hear it. The Jester had carried the day.

"I relate another tit bit regarding the river caught fire. Listen to me with care. I tell you a new one. Three foolish men on a river bank sat having a chat together one said, "If today the river catches fire, tell me where the fish would go?" He asked the other two. The second replied, "They will climb up the tree at once." The third at once retorted, "Have my view too. Are they cows and buffaloes that they will ascend the trees?" Thus the foolish talked of setting the river on fire."

"Now I relate a laughter exciting interlude. Please listen I am just going to relate a laughter exciting tale. There entered the house of a banker a naughty, satanic buffoon with his jests and mimics. He entertained the banker. The banker being amused made this verbal-promise " Friend, it is my habit that whenever I feel pleased, I move my hand on the beard swaying with intense rapture. As many hairs

as fall into my hand, I give gold coins to the buffoon. Then it is one's own luck. Which differs from man to man. He then moved his hand on the beard with this idea in mind. There fell into his hand not a single strand of hair. Seeing it the banker laughed and said, "O wonderful! I was kind to you indeed. Feeling most pleased but your fate seems to be not so pleased with you. I think moving my hand I found no hair. So nothing falls to your lot. Now the buffoon too was a jester. He said, "Respected Sir, if the beard is to decide the issue please give me the hold of your beard. Then if not a mule-load of sovereigns I carry home with me. Then don't call me "rightly born." I will certainly have good luck. Can be best tried when your beard is in my hand. I can carve my own luck. All lies in my hands."

Next would be related "A problematic tale whose wife is she? Lo, I shall now relate to you a knotty tale with love. Whose wife is she? I will dissolve the knot too and first I will elaborate in rich detail. Once a carpenter, a tailor, a Pandit and a goldsmith were passing through a forest and got extremely fatigued. In the course of trudging, they were over taken by night. They sat under a tree and began to fear. Thieves frequented that spot. Should they sleep? All their clothes would be made off by the thieves. A watch would be essential to avoid any vain regret. The first turn was of the carpenter to act as a watchman. Not addicted to an idler's life, he loved industry. He cut wood and out of it made a beautiful puppet. It took his whole term of watch and he fell into deep slumber. Next came tailor's turn to keep watch over the rest. His eyes fell on the wooden puppet. It attracted his heart. To pass the time somehow he put thread into a needle and started sewing clothes for the puppet. This sewing suited him, when the tailor's watch was over, all the clothes were ready. He donned the puppet there with and adorned her beautifully. Goldsmith's turn of the watch came next. He made beautiful ornaments and adorned the puppet well. The fourth watch was that of the Pundit, the knower of the Vedas, of Brahma Sutra, Tantric and Puranas. He knew well the substance of all. By

chanting sacred words, he infused life breath into the wooden puppet. Thus in the wooden puppet there entered tolerable life. By now morning had appeared and darkness had vanished. The other companions too, had woke up. Seeing the beautiful girl, they were all well pleased. But a lot of mutual bickering and they raised a mutual quarrel. Every one desired her. Each said, "She should be mine. I have a claim to this woman." Each put up his claim upon her. Each made vain attempt. Then all went to the king. The king tried to pacify them. He pronounced his verdict and all agreed to it. The carpenter who made the puppet would be called her creator. The creator is like a father who holds this exalted rank. He who has bestowed life and infused life breath into it is like her preceptor-Guru and Guru and disciple relationship is set up. He is worthy of her reverence. The role of the life giver is the greatest role of all. So even the revered pandit has no right to enjoy her. The tailor clothed her well. He also deserves credit. He has covered the marked maiden and safeguarded her honour. This is the task of a brother. Only the brothers protect and cover the nakedness. To cover nakedness and protect honour is their duty. The king explained it all. Therefore it is the wise policy only the goldsmith has the right to be a husband for her. As he decked her with jewellery, he has the right on her. According to Indian values only the husband offers ornaments. According to the convention, the goldsmith will take her for wife."

GOSAIN'S CHARACTER

The Gosain called himself the descendant of Sant Tulsi Das. He rode a mare to tour his beat and met his devoted followers. It seemed he had returned from Benaras recently. Gaya, Godawari, Yammuna, Ganga, he had had a dip at all these holy places. Riding the horse he sang the songs of Mira Bai. "Girdhar Gopal is my Saviour, none else but he." A muffler round his neck and the garland of *Rudrakhsh* he wore. He had broad and bright forehead. His curly hair waving around and resting on his shoulders. Whenever

there was a gathering of men and women for long, he would play upon his flute. To the attraction of them all, a handsome and wanton youth he was of thirty engrossed in Love Divine. On his locks, a red cap studded with gems of variegated colours. His curls were like young living asps rolling on his shoulders frequently. His white coloured clothes stirred rapidly just like moving shadows. Many a time he took off his cap and hid it under his armpit. His lips on the flute played love songs and he sang in a melodious tune. His melodious tune bewitched surprised and hypnotised every listener. It coloured the listeners in body and mind and they perforce followed it. His eyes glittered like a deer's and ravished every observer. It vanquished all observers too. They reminded of the love activities and conquests of Vrinda Ban and Mathura. The bells of mare jingled as the mare trotted. Their echo with her steps produced an harmonious tune. A beautiful saffron Tilak on his forehead an absolutely clean-shaven. None could sing more melodiously, you might search for his rival anywhere. In the saddle bag of his mare, he ever kept some pillows. Wherever he got off to station for sometime he would place them behind for support. He said, "The cap was directly a gift from above. At times after hemp he said, "Let my consciousness go to Heaven." He charged heavily for singing hymns. He made a decent income and a roaring trade. He could absolve a man of evil deeds, he had an approach even to *Dharm Raj* (god of Justice). He was a clever master of his monastery. He could burn up all sins in the havana fire. If someone was haunted by a ghost, he could drive out the ghost with tongs. He offered the service very ably. The story of the *Ramayana* was fully crammed up and was at his finger's tips. He made no distinction between Rama and Krishna. He never entered discussion only he was singing aloud Rama and Krishna's praises. He made a decent income. For the sake of bread he played on Dushehra's stage as an incarnation Rama. On his *Tanpura*, he always sang sacred songs. He heard in the age of *Kalyug* that Gobind Ji had taken birth. He looked like Lord Krishna

and Anandpur Sahib was the reflection of Guru Gobind Singh. He set up tradition like Lord Rama and worked like Lord Krishna in the Kurukshetra. He had earned a world wide fame and had become well known for his participation in crusades. He uttered "Let us O' votaries, have his sight. The Guru has come to Anandpur sahib. We won't have another chance. O Friends, when the gathering gets dispersed. Make your every moment blessed by enjoying the Guru's presence."

He said, "Guru Gobind Singh is against corruption because it destroys both faith and state. It is a powerful engine of injustice and cruelty. The *Rigveda* Contains several references to bribery. But money making is not bad. *Kuber* is object of my veneration. I worship *Laxmi*. *Artha* is one of the *Purusharthas*. *Kautilya* said, "Wealth alone is important as Dharma and Karma depend upon *Artha*. The *Yasastilaka-Campu* of Somadeva tells that once upon a time a spy informed the king about a minister who broke and melted down valuable idols and replaced them with idols of lesser and lesser value. King Samkara Varman robbed sixty four temples. Harsha appointed a special officer whose only job was to plunder the temples. This king Harsha is eleventh century Kashmir king. Subhata Varman contemporary of Baba Shaikh Farid attacked Gujrat and plundered Jain Temples.

Now I narrate a very interesting story during the reign of Shah Jahan. Once a soldier went to draw his pay. He remained standing on the counter. The accountant did not attend to him promptly. The soldier was upset and he became curious. He threatened the accountant and said to him, "I shall smash your teeth". The accountant was in rage too, but he remained silent for the time being. Later on when the soldier went back to his place, the accountant wrote in the soldier's record especially in the identification column of that soldier that his two front teeth were broken.

Next time when the soldier came to collect his pay, the accountant again did not attend him and the soldier was very angry that he was not treated well. Now the

accountant said, "You are impersonating. The soldier replied, "Certainly not." There was again a quarrel between them. The accountant said, "Your front teeth are intact but in our records they are broken" Ultimately the soldier got his two teeth removed to become eligible for payment." Guru Gobind Singh has come in this world to make the world wholesome. He knows a number of incidents which lower the importance of man and it is gross violations of human rights in the social and political arena. It is misgovernance, denial of our legitimate due and indifference of the Moughal rule towards the public."

THE CHARACTER OF A WATCHMAN

There was a watchman of an inn. For a long time, he had been in the work of watchmanship. He slept during the day and watched at night. This was his sole occupation. In the evening he purchased from the bazar things of daily use. In the daytime he kept a stick in his hand and at night a burning clay lamp. He had been doing this job for the last thirty one years. When he bought something from the bazar; he kept the rates in view. He visited at least four shops in all dignity. He never borrowed anything but made cash payment. Even cash was paid with care lest the shopkeeper should cheat him. He considered shopkeepers thieves in simple white clothes, who exploited and looted the people and quaffed their blood in cups. He himself was very thoughtful and reflective. His words betrayed suspicion. He was very cautious in taking steps. He considered unfair dealings sinful. At night, he questioned everyone that passed by the inn. He could judge the man from his single sentence that he was a wayfarer. He investigated thefts in the midst of that inn. He probed all matter in a clandestine manner and conveyed to the lawyers the quintessence of the matter. In spare time, he wrote petitions and made a good income. He was neither miserly nor extravagant. If some crime occurred at night or some one contracted a pain, he would call a physician. For love of social service, the physician charged nothing for a minor ailment. To the

visiting wayfarers, he offered voluntary service. The poor fellow remained a bachelor all through his life. Thus he had formed the habit of rendering self-service. If some visitor came from his village, he became crazy for rendering him service, very good service in loyalty and devotion. He was simple in dress with a shawl on his shoulder. Unshrunk was his flesh. He believed in the enjoyment of the present moment for the body had to decay in the long run. Guru Gobind Singh, the resident of Anandpur Sahib was *Sacha Padshah* in full power. To enjoy the sight of Guru Gobind Singh, he felt an upsurge in his heart. He then said to himself, "Now join the Sangat going to Anandpur Sahib, under the leadership of Bhai Bhagat Ram with full firmness and resolve". Then in all courtesy and humility he cherished the Guru's image in his mind. He set out to make his fortune with tears flowing from his eyes.

The watchman told how time was divided into day and night. He said, "In the beginning of the world there was no moon. The sun was in the sky and it never set. One day God came down to earth and found that a man was making fields. God had taken the shape of a long man. God asked the man "When did you make this field? The man answered, "I made it now" "When did you make yonder fields, when did you make the adjoining field?" The man replied, "I made it now." God was puzzled. Again God asked him "When did you eat and take rest?" The man answered, "Now." God was still more puzzled and there was no other time than "Now". No past, no future only present. Now God's eyes opened. He must make some arrangement for definite time for work or rest. God told the man "Well, in future you will have time to work, time to play and time to rest. I shall make the night for you to rest." The man replied, "Sir, a great and long man, I do not understand what the night is and who are you to make the night." God vanished. God ordered the sun, "You must not always shine so you must hide yourself when men of the world will not be able to see then they will take rest." From then onwards the sun started setting in the evening making

the earth dark. Now man had begun to work with the sunrise and stopped with the sunset. At night, the man should not fall into ditches. So God solved the difficulty and made an arrangement for the moon at night.

The watchman related another tale, some traveller told him a few years ago thus, "There was a very famous thief in *Sandhal bar* area. He was called the King of thieves. The reason was so because in all his years of stealing, he had never been caught committing a theft. No one could pin the crimes on him for they had no proof to justify their suspicion. He had stolen Lakhs of rupees but he kept only a small portion of it for his personal use. He used to help the needy too. His fame spread far and wide, when he took off the Dhoti (loins cloth) of a very rich Pandit without his knowledge while the Pandit was sleeping in his bed at night. How he planned and studied the entrances and exits of the remarkable building. He reached the Pandit's bedroom. Here he found the Pandit fast asleep. He took out a small bottle which he had fastened to his waist. It looked harmless enough, but on closer examination, swarms of red ants could be seen in it. Near the feet of the Pandit, the bottle was uncorked. The ants crawled out of the bottle and along the legs of the Pandit. He hid himself behind the curtains and waited in breathless silence. The ants started biting the legs of the Pandit who at first tossed about restlessly. He started flinging his legs about. At last he could bear it no longer. He called out his wife "The ants are killing me. Take off my Dhoti." The thief without losing a time of one second, removed the Dhoti and slipped away.

The watchman narrated once more a very interesting tale called *Kaliyug* and *Satyug*. "Once a preacher was preaching a gathering. He was praising Satyug and telling daily tales of virtues, charity and goodness. He told there were spiritual people and they spoke truth and were very honest and brave. They helped each other. Their life was simple and their thinking was very high. They wrote what they meditated. Among the gathering was seated *Kaliyug*. He listened attentively and met the preacher after the

congregation. He said, "Look this is the age of *Kaliyug* and not *Satyug*. Why do you not tell my tales instead of *Satyug's*. After all that is past and gone." The preacher declined to do so. Next time, the preacher started with tales of *Satyug*. In the form of a wine seller *Kaliyug* came and shouted in the congregation. "You preacher come and take wine on credit from me and don't pay the bill. How long I am going to endure this ?" Hearing the accusation half the people got up and left the place. Again the preacher sat before the gathering which was thin. *Kaliyug* again came in the form of a butcher got up and shouted. "You preacher take meat on credit every day from my shop when are you going to pay for it?" Hearing this, the devotees were shocked. Next time, nobody came to hear him and so his preaching were stopped for ever."

WARRIOR'S CHARACTER

The warrior sitting on horse back enjoyed a unique importance. Brave selfrespecting honest, ruddy of complexion, wise and faithful who had fought many a battle. Just like a Nihang innocent of looks, homely of appearance ever fought against the heretics. He had got many merit certificates. He was a valiant general. His sword had wrought havoc. He had wielded his sword in many battles. In Lahore, Peshawar and Maharashtra had put up stubborn fights against the enemies of religion. Hearing the praise of Guru Gobind Singh, he thought of visiting him His ancestors had been sikhs of Guru HarGobind Sahib. He was slayer of the atheists. He never ignored the evil. He never uttered to any one impolite words. He was a simple minded person. He had true devotion towards spiritualism. He had an agile active horse beneath him who was ever ready to gallop. He was always armed with bow and arrows with a sword dangling on side. He seemed to have returned from war and was on the way to Guru's place. He had the bearing of warriors. He seemed to be a resolute fighter. He was very eager to reach the Gurú's presence. He was ever ready to make the start.

The warrior began to relate a story of Tees Mar Khan. "In a village, there lived an ordinary man, Ruldu who one day killed thirty flies. So he named himself, a hero of thirty killings. He suggested to his wife, "If I stay here people would call me Ruldu, so let us go to some other town to live" So both husband and wife got a house in another town. So he began to seek a job. He went to the Darbar of a King and requested him, "Kindly give me a job if you have any." The king asked "What job can you do?" Ruldu said, "Sir, my name is Tees Mar Khan. Give me a job which none else can do." So Tees Mar Khan was employed at the Darbar for rupees one hundred monthly. When he served only one month, a tiger entered the town and killed many citizens. The king asked Teer Mar Khan to kill the man-eater. Reaching home he told his wife, "Let us run away. Let this job go to hell." He went in search of a donkey to slip away quietly. He spotted a figure sitting near the hut of an old woman. He took him to be a donkey when he was actually the tiger. Tees Mar Khan twisted the ears and tiger became nervous. Taking him to be a donkey, Tees Mar Khan brought him home and shut him behind the bar and went to sleep. Next morning when the king learnt that Tees Mar Khan had caught the tiger alive he was very pleased. He increased his pay. Sometimes later an elephant entered the town. Tees Mar Khan was asked to kill the Elephant. This time he planned to run away. It was a cold weather, Tees Mar Khan covered himself with rags and went out in search of a donkey so that he could leave the place with his baggage. But he saw the mad elephant who suddenly wrapped his trunk around him and lifted Tees Mar Khan along with his rags. In the process, however the rags entered the mouth of the elephant and began to suffocate him. Writhing in pain, the elephant rolled on the ground. Tees Mar Khan was set free. When the king came to know all this, he increased the salary of Tees Mar Khan. He was considered in the Darbar one of the bravest men of that time. Now the king was overjoyed. He appointed Tees Mar Khan commander-in-chief of the state. Tees Mar Khan and his wife began to

live in the state very happily thereafter."

CHARACTER OF A YOUNG MAN

The warrior had a young son, a bachelor of twenty. His face betrayed his wantonness. He had a tipsy like face. He was cheerful and lovely of disposition. He had a turban wrapped round his round shaped head. He was round shaped youth, medium statured and robust. His body was a well-built pillar. He ever accompanied his father and sang love songs. His clothes were coloured and striped and he proceeded so gently wearing a red striped salwar (Trousers). His shirt bore the mark of spring while flowery was his turban. He lingered behind the pilgrims. He was youthful like Phalgun. He was a precious jewel of his mother. He played upon his flute. He wore a long sleeved shirt. He had control over his heart. His full arms waved as he moved. He knew Bhangra Dance. He chirped like a gay nightingale. He was known for his obedience. He was fond of many things. His food which he ate was very nice. He also longed for the Guru's Sight at Anandpur with his father. He wished to seek shelter with the Guru who fulfilled all their hopes.

Now young man began to narrate a tale "Fortune favours the Brave" "An Astrologer once started the construction of his house on an auspicious day. Each day he used to consult the Almanac (*Jantri*) for the movement of the planets and their daily influence. On an auspicious day he shifted to that house with the chanting of Vedic hymns. While living in the house, at night, some sound was heard as if someone was saying, "I am falling down." The astrologer was terrified on hearing this. He thought that if newly built house fell down, his wife and children would be buried in it. He shifted back to his first house. People started saying that there were ghosts in it. In that town there was a beggar who wanted a shelter in the rainy season for himself. He requested the astrologer, "Will you please allow me to stay in your house for sometime?" The astrologer replied, "You may stay over there gladly. You need not pay

anything as you are a poor man." The beggar also heard the same sound at night. The beggar thought if the house fell on him, he would be relieved of all worries. Thinking this he said, "Fall down fall down, immediately." As he said, the gold coins started showering like rain from heaven. With the money he enjoyed life. The owner of the house, the astrologer came to know about it. The owner of the house stayed with the beggar. They again heard the same voice. The owner said, "Fall down." Suddenly gold coins started falling down like arrows, from Heaven. But to the owner of the house, they all looked like snakes. He called the beggar and said, "My parents used to say that only lucky men get wealth. Now I realize this. This house is now yours. Whatever you offer me I will accept it." The owner of the house went away. The beggar later on paid him a huge amount.

FARMER'S CHARACTER

His beard was grey and ruddy was his countenance, simple of thoughts and simple of life. He led an upright life and lived on his labour. He had an unbounded affection to perform the duty of family life. He led the peasant's life with dignity. He ate the flour of the stone mill. He had heaps of wheat in his house. He never touched meat and drink. Nor knew he any fraud. Should a man be his visitor, he never sent him back unfed. Every guest returned pleased. He rendered him very good service. He headed the village Panchayat. He owned good and vast lands. He worked with the help of servants with keen interest and diligence. He wore long shirt and Dhoti with white coloured spots. His gold embroidered shoes creaked when he walked so gracefully. In a new turban and new sewn shirt leaving his cattle herds behind, he began his journey. He was holding his iron-coated club in hand. He set out after settling his goods. He drank milk direct from buffalo teats at least four streams at a time, taking it as sweeter than honey. He loved milk very much. His body was still broad and robust though his age was sixty years. The earth was

stirred as he walked. So vigorous were his steps. On hearing the praises of the Tenth Guru and with great love and regard, he rode on the back of his horse with deep secrets in his mind otherwise quite simple and unassuming. He ever lost in meditation. He was virile and magnanimous of heart. He once used to be a wrestler. In the wintery nights, he kept sleepless vigils. With dew beneath his feet, he used to go to water his fields. He was awake when stars were in heaven. He worked the well and ploughed the field in the morning while the devotees had their dip. In the scorching heat of May and June, sweat drenched his person. Earth singed like an iron plate beneath his feet. Still he remained indifferent for the sake of work and to tend his horses and cattle. He woke up with the cock's crowing. Though poorly educated, he never quarrelled in vain. Never ran in debt and never indulged in litigation. He never took any intoxicant nor any zest for clash. Should there be any trifle, he only laughed it away.

Now the Farmer started "The endless story". thus "Once there was a king who was very fond of hearing stories. One day he announced in his kingdom by beat of drum, "Whoever can make me tired of hearing stories, will be given a very huge amount as he desires. But the persons who attempt and fail to do so will be put in Jail." The story tellers, with great narrative power, from far off places came to the king and told stories as they knew well. They came one by one. They told stories that lasted for many days but no one could tire the king. So all were imprisoned. Then one day, a farmer came to try his luck. He began to tell the story, "Once there lived a king and he thought "If there is a famine in my kingdom, what shall I do?" He told his minister about this serious problem. The minister suggested, "Let us build a large godown and stock it with foodgrains." Whenever there is a famine we can distribute the grains." The king approved of this suggestion. So a large godown was constructed. It was filled with foodgrains. However there was a small hole in the godown which remained unnoticed. The hole was of such a size that a bird could easily enter.

This happened there that a bird entered this hole and came out with a grain in its beak. The king liked the story and asked, "What happened next?" The farmer said, "Then again a bird entered the hole and came out with a grain." This annoyed the king. He ordered the farmer to tell him what happened further. The farmer said, "Now all the birds of the world are waiting to pick up their share of grain. When all the birds have done so, then only can I complete the story." The king said, "Then this story will not be completed in my life time." According to his promise, the king gave the farmer a huge amount of wealth as was desired by the farmer."

STAY OF BABA JI AT ANANDPUR SAHIB

SIGHTED ANANDPUR FROM AFAR

Bhagat Ram with his companions sighted Anandpur Sahib from afar. Anandpur Sahib was exactly as they had heard before. It was with the sparks of glow worms. A dim light ever prevailed, thick forests and pleasant shades had formed it a paradise. There a dreamy splendour appeared. As they had heard of Anandpur, they saw the moon ray inclined. The touch of the Lunar ray was creating a rare brilliance. Wet with dew was born the Dawn and brightened up with joy. Full of smiles the dreams of life created a new existence as we had been told earlier by a Sikh votary of the Guru. He had seen a land just as paradise and had returned with mental bliss. He filled his heart with calm devotion and brought a cheer on his face. He called himself a new man came from a new land. He said, "The gorgeous water of the clouds played Holi with the earth and colourful flower-petals fell off and bedecked the Earth. Symphonies of devotional songs inspired the human mind and melodies touching leafy trees and then spread and stirred the streams. At dawn there played fountains of joy. The spring breeze gently touched and gave the body pleasant shakes. Then seemed to linger in the eyes a sweet pleasant consciousness. A sweet pleasant fragrance intoxicated the brain. The banks of the stream laden with flowers looked so graceful twinkling among tall grasses. Glow worms were stars in motion. These lights burning in heaven led travellers to their goals and removed the tedium of travel filling the heart with joy.

REACHED ANANDPUR

The companions (Sangat) reached Anandpur Sahib. On reaching Anandpur Sahib, they found spread on all sides spiritual atmosphere, cool, pleasant tree shades, wonder, sweet and melodious songs. There the lamps emitted strong dazzling lights, verdure on all sides and ideal type of garden. On soft light grasses, there moved thick shades stirring and dropping breeze surrounded the whole space. Irregular sunlight lingered there in day time. Fountains played with force. A small hill rose skyhigh presenting a charming sight. Bluish was the night there and wet dewy flowers. A soft whisper went on diffused with sweet smell. Away on all sides were pits and deep ravines. A serpentine stream flowed. Moving about they sang and cited sweet and delightful songs. Avidly the sangat attended the sermons with loving devotion to the Guru. A sweet coolness yawned and relaxed while heaving warm breaths. While earth and heaven met extending fully their arms. The hill at Anandpur was the stage and all the folk the players. Goodness and virtues were enacted there. They sang ecstatically "To abolish the curse of evil, may I never desist from good deeds. With firmness of mind I will come out triumphantly while fighting again and again." Nature raised a symphony which did not have an equal. Small foot tracks lay there and visited by frequent winds. Whirlwinds symbolised strength making august sound. "Infact, victory lies in strength of congregation. This is the time of future visions, a flood of visions indeed. Many a colour is displayed there." Representing future dreams, waves raised an echo. Coolness reigned on all sides. Marks of change were everywhere betraying their listlessness. "There is a cloud like mountain presenting a rare spectacle. Is it a cloud or a mountain peak? We know not what to call it, what colour each object is! what may we say of it? What difference between a cloud and a hill to judge them from their size. There fountains of love rise suddenly and rush forward restlessly. Passion of love springs from the heart." Drizzle created a fine weather which highly appealed to the

mind. The streams came rushing forward warm and jubilant. They came from afar crossing all hurdles. "Whoever visits Anandpur Sahib, never wavers in his mind rather redoubles his strength and girds up his loins for victory. Here practice to theory and one prefers action to contemplation one expels all doubts from mind and adopts the virtue and humility. The sun rays apply the golden Tilak after preparing it personally. Breezes sing us songs with affection and regard. Feelings and passions kiss the forehead causing sweet reactions who comes to have the sight readily becomes a devotee. If the mind becomes a symphony as an organ of the body, drooping spirits revive again and this revival leads to victory. Many a throne lies vacant, left vacant by pious saints, only the pure ones shall rule and none will equal them or revolt against them. Whenever the 'Dhadhis' start singing ballad songs, one's fancy begins to weave new world. Like historians swaying music sets in motions fountains of heroic valour. The chains of slavery begin to break making a crackling sound. In the reign of the Tenth Guru, true preceptor, the Khalsa gets prepared and makes military conquests in keeping with tradition. The town looks like Gomed-Gem with countless people assembled there. Many sing sacred songs with sweet voice full of wonderful music. Spring and light drizzle and the world all clad in verdure. The youth surcharged Anandpur seem a veritable Eden. Everybody resorts to singing amidst arms, spears and swords. Beetles suck the juice of flowers. Peacocks offer a coquettish dance brought together by dark clouds. They raise a loud noise spreading out their greenish wings. On a rock is perched a hawk, with a storm within his wings, to get hawks hacked by sparrows is the miracle of Guru Gobind Singh. Nearby is a lake there containing holy nectar. Those fond of its sight inhale deep breaths. In the happy fountained gardens, their pious breath chants and chants Sri Guru Gobind Singh. It cleans the heart and illumines the mind. As they move about, they carry on their lips delightful songs which awaken special fervour and love in the mind for human service. The calm

nature and warm affection removes all sense of loveliness. Dense forests are all bound with ravine following ravine. If there is a dream of heaven or of any other bliss here is heaven and here alone. All pains and troubles vanish at the gate of Anandpur Sahib. A hilly area in all appearance symbolises the heavenly garden. Here optimism and hope's, temple is wondrous and unique. Here Bhagti and Shakti (Devotion and power) lie side by side in unison. It fills us with devotion in high measure and the power it bestows is very very sweet and beautiful. It is the birth place of *Khalsa*. The *Khalsa* is prophet of *Kalyug*. The land of Anandpur is pure and glorious and maker of golden history. Rays are born of Eastern sky and take their breath at this place. The sun smiles in rose blooms and his light wafts fragrance. Anandpur Sahib is a flowery shoot clad in golden hue. Its history rises like the sun in the highest heaven. In the sunflower garment flourishes and progresses. Youthful nature is smiling bedecked with flower girdles as a bride lifts her veil and gives her first smile. The golden sparrows fly and fly on the flowery branches of trees. The bridegroom escorts the bride with a sweet graceful gait. The fragrance kisses the four walls of the fort. "The vast stream flowed by it as if it had missed sleep billow followed billow acquiring double or four fold volume. The leaves waved ecstatically and the lotus indulged in dance as though sapphires, Topazes diamonds and pearls sparkled as truth. From below, Anandpur Sahib offered the Mount Senai spectacle. Below the clear attractive sky, it shed around great radiance. This height is height of love and imagination in metre. The fragrance in bliss is attracting in many ways." Anandpur Sahib fort stood surrounded by trees like a coquet wrapped in green saree tossing her neck in the morning. Beetles moved about jubilant as they flew from flower to flower. Roses bloomed and smiled so cheerfully. Their fragrance fell around like a heavy down pour. "Gorgeous is this Anandpur orchard, the seat of the revered Guru Gobind Singh Ji."

From the lap of beautiful Himachal, a saucy stream

was flowing. A moon like countenance called '*Kalinderi*', crystal water revealed the hidden secrets. The rays of the moon fell at night as though night milkmaid smiled like rain drops while carrying the pot of milk. At Anandpur Sahib throne sat Sodhi Sultan, fair complexion well-built physique and a grand magnanimous heart. He reflected on the nature of Past, Present and Future. On the book of the present life, he put new signatures. Through Sandal like frame shone a sweet and healthy soul. A radiant face was reflecting Sun's glory. His grown forehead gold like and crest on the head looked exceedingly beautiful. His eyes were very attractive, the coquettish glances of the plumed one spread a radiance around. His white clothes swaying seemed to play a tune. Through his fragrant forehead, he conveyed divine lore. He stole and bewitched the heart that established human links. "It is rightly said that holy company exercises a good influence. Those with frowning looks or twisted looks have a scathing effect. As is seen in company, a slanting look cuts and destroys and much disturbs the world". Fair complexion and a radiant face was a lyrical beauty indeed. A gold tissued turban be spangled with stars, a rare beauty and charm, as though the Cool *Purinama* (Full Moon) had a radiant glow around and pleased without fail. An innocent smile played on his sweet countenance. His garlands hung and dangled roused the mind with their stir. His precious pearl-like eyes shone like a burning torch as though in crystalline water two pearls brought upheaval. The Tenth Guru at Anandpur held his glorious court where heaven swayed over the universe chanting '*Vahi-Guru*'. From the under world to the Seventh heaven, they sang paeans of love. From the moon to the earth below, the atmosphere was fragrant. All tongues echoed the Guru's praise and indulged in praise infinite. "His nature is sweet, his mind is generous and he is a store house of dainties. He is people's saviour, the son of valour, an epitome of virtues and a liberator of the masses. With radiance of the lightning, his eyes reflected wisdom, justice and self-reliance." His features suggested spring. The Sun

and the moon were beggars at his door. His eyes were ever inspired. He was the knower of the high secrets. He was a refuge of the poor and oppressed. There was no blemish in his love. His pure and unalloyed love, his pleasing habits, laudable charms, grand nobility and gentleness were all praiseworthy. His physical charms, lofty position and grand style all enriched with noble truths. His words dispelled all darkness. His heart was fresh like morning. Finding him so exalted, angels bowed before him. The master of earth and the highest heaven and embodiment of eternal bliss and youthful with high dreams was the radiance of his age, a store house of wisdom with exalted divine splendour a bundle of virtues, a true alchemist the honour of the honourless, the pride of the great and kingly chose humility voluntarily. A spokesman of the low and downtrodden, the sublime grandeur of India, the light of all lights, a wise and great prophet was liked by all. His hands shone like pearls as the sun shines in the world. One hand showered all blessings and the other hand showed sympathy. One showed the path of truth, the other settled violent conflicts and disputes. Both hands sought good of all and love in human heart. His face radiated effulgence. Holiness cum-regality broke the cycle of life and death. Earth and heaven honoured him for being a man immortal. The people used to come to learn virtues. He brought a golden age i.e. *Satyayuga* in the age of *Kaliyuga*. He dispelled falsehood and untruth and illuminated the world. The dark and dreary night gleamed. Dark spots were washed. The whole world praised Anandpur Sahib and its victorious activities. He set the world anew with new wisdom and new approach. His cauldron of wisdom boiled and he suggested topics fresh and new. Such was Guru's court where Present, Past, Future, history and myth appeared clear and explicit. The secrets of this mundane world were disclosed at Anandpur court. Here dry bones quickened back to life. All were the seekers of God. All the stars in heaven owed allegiance to the Guru. All conformed to his commandment and followed his hints. The earth, fire, air,

water, the moon and the sun were slaves to the Guru. Nature owed allegiance to the Guru. The exponents of various faiths were all servants standing at his door. He firmly established truth and founded Anandpur Sahib and gave it light of two worlds. He enhanced its beauty and charm. He removed all darkness with justice and beautified the world. He singed the hearts of tyrants and reduced to dust and ashes uprooting the base of tyranny. He promoted the highest reverence for the poor and the downtrodden. He was the sun of charity in heaven who illumined the whole world. He was garden of generosity and a cloud of mercy for the world. The Guru, a great Apostle disentangles every knot. He was the favourite of God's glory, pearls and sacred lights adorned him on his throne. The August stars of the Guru were ascending. The world followed his commands. From the village to the town, he sought the good of nation. Reverence and the glow of his face have greatly enhanced his grandeur. He was the gem of the ocean of generosity. He came true to this description, the guardian of the nation. He organised everything here and hereafter for the common people. He was the alchemy of gold and the remover of poverty and meanness. He was the light of the eyes of law the defender of the public honour, fragrance of the garden of paradise the repository of public faith, new fruit of the tree, of charity, eager to wage a crusade and fragrance of wisdom and justice. He was dwelling at Anandpur. He was ocean of benevolence, giver of pearls in charity, exalted of mind like heaven with a glittering ring around his turban just with a glow on his countenance sweet of thought and expression like a burning candle in the night of union and glory of orchard in spring. In charity and munificence, he was the pearl of the mine. His kindness was delightful and cool. the gem of the ring of just, distributor of *Kalpa* Tree's flowers with the freshness of divine creepers and the fragrance from God's expression. In the battle the roaring lion who made the earth quiver over miles. With the gift of leadership, the light of the hearts who conducted a coterie of love, who as the cloud of charity and

mercy showered the rain of joy. A master horse man of the battlefield eager for waging a crusade. Enemies fell to his attacks like mountains falling down. The wide jawed and threatening. Alligator of the sea of battle, one who lacerated the enemy hearts with arrows and other weapons. The asp of battle in plains who far surpassed warriors. An august phoenix par excellence with the illumination of the moon who lent the flowers of gardens adornments infinite, the fresh flower of grandeur, a box of sweet fragrances, a watch man of Elysium, with a reliable affection, a prophet, a guide, abstinent, a revered being, a peerless saint, an exalted personage to whom all owed allegiance. As to a being immortal, all kings and all medicants worshipped this being benevolent. All progress did lie under Guru's command. The sun and the moon approached him seeking his advice and guidance. Sweet fragrant words of the Guru were sought by the world at large. His radiance illumined East and West. He was the epitome of merits who came with a heart sincere to the great Guru's door, laid head at his august feet and exclaimed VahiGuru. Remedy for all misfortunes was told after due reflection. All longings were fulfilled with the grace of the pardoner. At the sacred sight of the Guru, they felt most infatuated. The sinner got exempt from his sin. When he resumed the straight path, the light of the eyes brightened seeing him with great devotion. Life acquired more dignity and it became immune from all defeat. They sipped the wash of the Guru's feet and thus hoped to find out God. This nectar revived the dead soul. A very fine bargain indeed it was. In the Guru's words there flowed a thousand springs of nectar. Slaves regained their freedom. By abandoning the restraining thoughts after reviving the drooping spirits, he rejuvenated the world. He made many a bond slave, the magnanimous ones with love. Ganga and Yamuna carried no value before the nectar of his eyes. They might visit Sixty Eight places of pilgrimage with longings in their hearts. The true one was a forgiver through his blessings alone. He illumined fully the hearts. The Guru was knower of exalted truths

with a lofty clairvoyance, a clear wondrous sight, the master of love divine and truth and winning universal applause. His steel-like forehead and divine effulgence shone like the spring. A soul radiant like the sun won love by dint of mercy richly adorned from head to foot. Most sparkling were his charms with his high rank and great courage. He was a startling master. His sabre shone bright with the brilliance of the lightning. It wounded the heart of the enemy and caused a great uproar. His spear lacerated the elephant's liver and caused it to bleed. While his arrow killed a lion then who could stand against him? His snare caught in the noose both birds and wild beasts. His javelin slighted evil doers and pulled down all the mountains.

In the war of Mahabharata, Arjun never played such valour. Bhim Sain and Rustam could not display such tactics. His arrow cut the hard stone as the scythe cuts the grass. As it hit stone or iron it caused a deep tunnel. As his mace hit the elephant's head, they fell down with a thud before the Guru's manouvres. One's wits got at their ends. The merit of great, the great Guru was indeed far beyond our wits. It far surpassed the angels. No one could deny this fact. It was beyond our power of expression. However hard we endeavoured the prop of the roof of the Divine guest was the sight of the Guru's being. The Guru's mind was illumined sun-like with Divine effulgence. His face by the grace of God shone like the Moon in heaven. All men of faith looked upon him as a mine of knowledge. It was worthy beyond human ken the Guru's seat in grandeur. The appraisal of Guru Gobind Singh was beyond the pail of words. His virtue and merit be indeed beyond all theoretical limits. We could not recount his excellences or circumscribe between limits. We would renounce for him our hearts and souls and everything in our family Valour sprang from the field of knowledge. We witnessed power and devotion and we were swayed by aspirations and longings. The past, the present and the future revolved daily in a flux. The events of the whole land remained ever in his notice. He daily wished to change the world and brighten up the future. The

listeners were roused to act as they heard his approach to things on. On hearing of the martyrdoms of Guru Arjan Dev and Guru Tegh Bahadur, transformation and change came over the Guru's Panth which produced unique martyrs. There ran a current of change in all the four castes. The Great Guru did many a miracle even in his tender age. Preparations began for the future under the Guru's instructions. Horses, elephants, weapons and shields were collected in large numbers. The Sikhs made him the gifts of weapons, fine horses, sharp weapons. Military training was compulsory as duly propagated. All learnt the use of weapons by way of self-defence. Deliberations went on in the Guru's adorned court. Hindu, Muslim, Sikh attendants sang hymns of Divine love. There was no distinction of high and low. When the congregation assembled all pure hearts were like brothers. All steeped in Divine Lore. All were children of the same father. They all had the same benefactor, Brahman, Kshatriya, Vaisy and Shudar knew no mutual distinctions. The congregation was a body and individuals were inseparable limbs as if so many colours establishing the same picture as if they were different ornaments formed out of the same gold or so many garments made of the same cloth. One stone numerous statues. Common stone used in all Temples, Mosques, their bricks were similar while Puran and Quran having the same goal. Both eulogised the same God. In the same tune lied different melodies Ram and Rahim were one. Here lotus of the devoted heart opened and opened in a Gurudwara. Without the Guru's guidance, the eye of the knowledge did not open. Instructions in amity and fearlessness were given to those who were weak. They learnt of truth and righteousness and never became callous. They chanted Divine Name and exerted themselves. They developed their muscles through exertion. The tyrant allowed no-respite. So they wielded the sword in self-defence and prevented all persecution. The oppressed failed to safe-guard their honour and self-respect. They led their lives deprived of honour and human rights. Piety

must join might. All work dedicated to him be prepared for every crisis and made your companions too, waived all parochial thoughts, and raised the slogan "Vahiguru Ji Ki Fateh" Mankind would break their chains by chanting the Name of God.

Bhagat Ram came forward to pray. He bowed head and touched Guru's feet, "May live as a bird at Anandpur and enjoy here every leaf. May I turn into a horse and provide a ride, May I turn into a stone and adorn Anandpur fort. This is my wish O' the plumed one which I convey through prayer chanting your name in reverence, May my tongue be lost in ecstasy, May I sweep the floor of your court and my hands achieve some credit. When my body is steeped in dust, I shall have spiritual bliss. Should I speak, O' Falcon-Bearer, I should speak in praise of you only then my hands be blessed. When they touch your august feet my life will become worth living if it ends at your feet. What harm can the evil do when you are my protector, Back-biters incur Divine wrath. By indulging in evil-talk no evil character, can harm us when the saviour is by our side, please show mercy, promote Divine Love. With your benevolence, O' preserver of my life, O' the plumed one, falcon-Bearer, O' the Dweller of Anandpur Sahib. How can sing your praises when my soul feels so thirsty. All gods and goddesses attend to you. Even the foolish acquire true wisdom by having a sight of you. Strange is the role of the plumed one. How can the eye describe while enumerating his virtues even gods are immensely tired." When Bhagat Ram raised his eyes from the Guru's feet by chance, perceived Divine splendour for months to consume themselves in all around divine beauty under one pretext or the other. So charming a face turned the moths mad with love. The moments he raised his eyes, he had the sight revered, tears began to flow like a stream and began to drift to the edge. In which ever he glanced, he perceived the face of the Guru. How could others catch his eye in preference to the Guru. He saw the Guru's inspired looks sweet, beautiful and radiant their sight delighted him making

more quest irrelevant. How could one cherish some other ethereal being. The myterious eyes radiated an effulgence to the extreme. You the man of true, sincere devotion."Please listen to my plea who can put restraint on beauty which tends to feed my gaze. I have got enamoured of you. This is sole delight. If not your face what else should I see? Please see that I can't help it. Except the Guru my eyes see not. From his narrow bud like mouth, words come like drops of nectar. They revive the dead. His smile animates and inspires- O' my heart did you ever see one exalted like the Guru? When the flood of his light stirs, it dazzles and blinds the eyes. True Guru, your radiant countenance looks graceful to all eyes. At your feet lies Garden of Eden in full bloom countless thoughts like pearls, it scatters among the audience on having your august sight. The heart is thrilled with love as though the heavenly light were overflowing its banks or immeasurable flow of water spread radiance all around. Finding the Guru so stately, the heart felt most elated. True Guru, your beautiful sword is studded with starry pearls. It has the glitter of jewels and moves like lightning gallantly slaughters tyrants and drenches the earth with their blood, killer of the enemies, defender of devotee and pure spiritual light. It reduces to ashes all thorns gorgeous adjutant like limbs and like Vishnu's vehicle, gives regal power to masses. Guru's *chakkaras* are really beautiful as they adorn his worthy person. Unearthly and peerless glitter which awakens the mentally torpid and startles the human soul. Its edge with speed of lightning and its radiance is of two days moon and its sheen is ever comforting."

BHAGAT RAM TOUCHED GURU'S FEET

The Guru showered blessings ! was it a mere dream for Bhagat Ram? He could not well make out "Kindly strengthen me for social service as flowers do in spring. O' grant courage that before the tyrant I might not lose my faith. Let my head bow to none else though it may be cloven

in twain O' give me strength to survive all crisis that I should follow only your own path. Kindly give me the strength that in compliance with your will I might spend my time and take even trouble for pleasure and never give way to evil. Dedicating myself to your sweet self, every moment of my life I might spend. Kindly lend me the strength so that the rest of my life I spend obeying your will."

It was a great pleasure to have the sight of the plumed one, "others might worship Ganesh for wealth and affluence and might propitiate Parvati to get their desires satiated. Let them adore Laxshmi and enjoy what appeals to their hearts." To Bhagat Ram except the plumed one no alternative was in view. "Saviour of the poor the plumed one who is light of the dark path. I would never heed on evil. Being merciful, by touching a stone you would grant it deliverance and alleviate the woes of all too. You cause illumination and you know the men of the world and you distinguish good from evil. You expel all woe from our hearts. One may amass wealth, attract Kuber, possess supreme beauty, tempt cupid therewith, bring Indra to earth but without your love, O' Guru, one loses all achievements. One may erect high palaces studded with bright pearls, one may have wealth in heaps get tired of weighing them. One may become an Emperor to the envy of Indra-god but without your love they lose all their charms. Regal powers pilgrimages all prove futile. Without your love all move from pillar to post. Without your love all pearl necklace in a palace will glitter all in vain. One may acquire authority of a king in this inhabited world, have a bathe in the Ganges, give pearls in donation, without your love all are in vain. One may go on Sixty Eight places of pilgrimages, one may chant divine hymns and one may become medicant. Without your love all is in vain. It is a love of you o' plumed one that gives splendour. At the sight of you, the pen gives up its writing. Seeing your attractive eye brows, the hunter lays down his bow. The smiling sun watching your face hides soon behind the clouds. At your sight the bewitched milkmaid lets drop

her pot of milk. Since the day I saw you at Anandpur Sahib my heart has received deep influence. From your beautiful sight, I entirely lost my wits. My mental stream broke loose and rushed to the sea unchecked. In the frenzied state would I have the sight of the infatuator. The sheen and glitter of your crest would illumine the whole world. My body and mind would get a rapturous delight and anyone who sees, feels palpitation of heart. O' the plumed one, your role of love beggars all description. You cause a stir in every breath by acting as a living breath. As honey attracts the bees you attract the congregation. The whole town feels engrossed in love and surcharged with deep emotion, seeing your broad forehead, my mind is infatuated and I fail despite all efforts to restrain its emotional flow until I exchange some words, my soul keeps drifting. Your eye becomes a fishing line to catch the fish of my life. I fail to qualify the attraction of your charms. A fish in the ocean of bliss, I can't endure isolation. Your values of life have settled in my heart even the first glance of your resolves all my doubts. You entered my heart and made a permanent seat. The sight of your broad eyes humbled me. I can't control my mind and breath. I feel daily enamoured of you. Since the day you chose my heart, the world has changed for me. At the sight of you my mind feels elated. When the mind and heart are stolen, the body is of no use. Separation brings its pangs which torment human life. Thus I have to sell this human life to the beat of the drum. The blue horse of the Guru makes approach to the Guru. He turns his steps accordingly as the Guru bids him go. How can I describe his habit. He neighs at Guru's sight and casts a slanting glance which acts like a lance. At the sight of the great Guru, none can control himself. The loving smile of his countenance spreads in all directions. It makes the visitor spell bound and bereft of all speech. The elephantine mind breaks the binding cord with jerk. The heart-ravishing plumed one is called the ocean of Bliss. Anandpur Sahib gets startled when a smile covers his face. The ravisher of all hearts. When rides, his bluish steed, he slaughters all his foes.

While he extends his love to all with a single glance, the plumed one monopolises my mind. He looks sweeter than the moon."

"After a long quest I have reached Aanadpur Sahib, O life of my life, my Guru only desirous of your sight. Your eyes are softer than lotus which displays a rare splendour your fearless and friendly looks suggest philosophic depth. Every man and woman at Anandpur Sahib, on hearing Guru's fame feels as immensely pleased as if stricken with arrows from your carved eyebrows. Your smile is like the bright "Asuj" dawn. The blooming flowers wonder who is excelling them. As a fire work bursts and crackles, so does your sweet smile. All the fruits in the gardens are enamoured of your smile. Your ruddy and broad limbs suggest love and innocent cheer. The whole surrounding is amazed to receive your wondrous effect. Your smile bewitched everybody deprives him of his wits and to put him to surprise. The smile of the ocean of bliss queerly influences all. Some take their pen inspired by it and feel induced to act. A beautiful, blue steed bedecked radiates the flash of lightning. The horse takes to the wards when it receives electric spur. My heart feels quite bewitched since the day I am blessed with the Guru's smiling sight. The smile penetrates my heart and it can't be taken out. The smile stirs the heart with a sweet musical appeal. My mind exclaims and says, "I am so restless arrow like glances have deeply bored my heart. I am losing my consciousness and self-control. The smile has been so provoking who can be blamed for it? The smile has brought down a down pour of love which bereft me of all senses. Only with a single glance a rapture stirs all limbs. I have lost all self-awareness."

"A hawk adorns Guru's hand. His loving eyes give promise of joy and drive out all troubles. His impressive attractive being and muscular bodily limbs hypnotise the observer and makes him lose his wits. The whole gathering is ready to make every sacrifice for the Guru. All are in the state of bliss tossing and rolling in rapture. The bewitching

face of the Guru shines like the solar disc which profoundly influences my heart. Physical charms have a deep influence on me and enchants all around. When he speaks with affection, he subdues human mind. How can I describe the state of my mind. My Guru is the assuager of my troubles. He entraps my heart at once. Even a million moons when see him readily confess defeated. He is readily received by all because of his impressive sight. His figure fills my mind, as I watch inwardly some times. In loneliness, his shape occupies my heart. I hesitate to open the eyes lest the charming one be lost. His beauty concealed in garments displays itself like lightning hidden among Sravna clouds which thunder then disappear. The sweet words of the Guru, ocean of bliss scintillate fine sparks which stir the mind for worship and spread fountains of light. It is on the tips of all that the Guru has won the hearts all the present there. With moon like face he has caught them with words of love. The sweet forehead of the "Ocean of Bliss" had performed many miracles. Though they duly observed tradition, their minds were certainly shaken. His smile with sweet glances lent a warmth to the heart. It contained a fountain of nectar while his immortal words were ethical. They brought happiness to the listener and a sweet shower of bliss. His loving voice enamoured all men and women of the world. Hearing his melodious voice, humanity felt delighted. He was on the lips of all, "We wonder at Guru's achievement. How to describe his greatness" It won and bound the heart. It made one accept tradition. His sight caused a frenzy and enslaved the beholder. The cycle of love widened in all directions and made the world look one's own. His sweet melodious voice highly fascinated the hearts. It restored the broken hearted and simply transformed them. As I touched his feet with my forehead, I felt galvanized. His melodious voice suggested what an interesting speech was on. The eyes were irresistibly drawn to him and felt shy at his sight. His nectar carrying half-open-eyes acted like a two-edged dagger. As to the power of his words, his every word attracted. It caused an echoe

in the ears like sweet melodious songs. The pupils of his eyes were peacock feathers. A rosary donned his neck. A hawk fluttering in his hand swaying and glistening, this Ocean of bliss dwelt in the heart not leaving it for a moment. Every word chanting his name tranquillised my mind. The Guru's fine suggestion elicited great devotion. His voice touching the ears expelled all evil thoughts developed the fellow feelings and made the hearts elated. It made one feel frenzied and lose all self-control. True life would captivate like a beautiful snare. The true Guru wielded great influence which made his votaries enamoured. The august company was a beautiful tree and the votaries its flowers and fruit and the bird of life perched on it. As the plumed one wielded his sword, it startled all mankind.

HOLA MOHALLA

How to describe Hola Mohalla, it made one's heart feel elated. The visitors in gorgeous garments clasped one another to the heart. They sprinkled colours. Gay colours had their own glory. They dyed the heart so profusely and their syringes filled with saffron colour emptied on one another again and again. Heart ravishing gorgeous vestures were the targets of their syringes. Dreamy eyes emitted love, nay, showered a rain of love. All the men and women there went about with rosy faces. Weapons were in full display. Revolutionary slogans were on all lips and unique adoration of heroism and a good display of military skill. The ocean of bliss, the plumed one, taught his disciples military tricks. Every part and limb of their bodies displayed great valour. They wielded various weapons with different kinds of skill. Their valour was provocative and anticipated very big battles. They sang songs on Hola Mahalla with arrows and spears in hands. A large crowd of Sikhs were attracted to Anandpur Sahib and there was the display of swordsmanship. By the rattling sound of Gatkas and crowd of lances, their love inspired eyes danced to see Sikh warriors at work. The plumed one sprinkled rose water conveying the message of peace, "work for your own

defence and prepare to defend yourself. Be true Sikhs and make sacrifices and work for your freedom." His loving heart shed rose water and sowed seeds of rebellion and revolution. "It is the Hola Mohalla Day with new season, and ideal day for writing history with each inspiring sentence. There is joy and wonder on every side. All men are most elated. The talented men are singing hymns and rendering manual service. The flowers of this season send forth a rare fragrance. Life in the garden is stirred by beetles with their hum on the lips of the close bud. They have bestowed a nature sweet and spread like the showers. A net work of fragrance, so fine a season has come. We can't imagine its effects. Saffron filled syringe of the season is working. Many a miracle tinging the mist with a new hue is giving a spicy flavour. It has filled heaven and earth. By scattering many a fragrance, the august hands of Hola Mohalla sprinkle coloured water. It reddens heaven and earth." By the great grace of God our breaths got gorgeously clad just like the moving characters. The surrounding became colourful and so were human thoughts whosoever saw the Guru on the eve of Hola Mohalla became spiritually refined by having the august sight and made his prayer in the congregation, his hopes were fulfilled and he became a devoted follower touching dust of the Guru's feet and did benevolent deeds. He put the divine nectar into the eyes and his face looked brighter than the Moon's day and night was it a source of beauty or a container of nectar. His face radiates beauty and a spring with numerous charms and unique beauty of stars pouring down again and again. It deeply influenced the audience like Mars in the lap of the Moon. Let the lover of beauty enjoy a rich tournament of gleams. Deep red like the rose, the whole world appeared human beetles roaming over flowers raising a terrific noise. His words were so sweet and thoughts so exalted as to suggest the glory of spring when beetles got infatuated.

LOVING GIFTS

From far and wide the sikhs came and offered swords and shields bows and arrows and many kinds of weapons. This Hola Mohalla was specially celebrated in the year 1700 A.D. Lakhs of people assembled there in all devotion and faith. Tenth Guru started this festival to defend the religion and country by propagating valour. Fine weapons were displayed there. In dignity and splendour, an ocean of Sikh sentiments was seething and surging there. A procession was held on Hola Mohalla. When the brave Sikhs displayed their valour, first the Five Loved ones appeared adorned with five symbols. Then came the batch of Gatika men who marched displaying their feats. Following them came Sikh heroes who formed the tail of the procession. The Khalsa at Anandpur Sahib displayed their military skill. Those who joined the procession came forth carrying their arms.

BHAGAT RAM WAS BAPTISED AND BECAME BHAGAT SINGH

The Tenth Guru at Anandpur Sahib held a grand Darbar after the Holla Mohalla function for general consultation. The Khalsa flag was raised with great pomp and show with a beat of drum. Sacred hymns were read and sung. The Tenth Guru declared coming into high spirits, "Come forward who need Baptism and make your life successful." Bhagat Ram stepped forward and fell upon Guru's feet, "Kindly do me your favour and make my wits clear." Bhagat Ram became Bhagat Singh and was bestowed on Five Kakars. Countless people received baptism and adopted Five Kakars. The Guru showered his blessings with most liberal hands. Bhagat Singh's fortune smiled and the star of his luck appeared when asked by Guru Gobind Singh, "What service he could render". Said, "Your Holiness, grant me the task of tending horses." He made further request bowing in all humility "Kindly bless my wife too and grant her soul redress" The True Guru in all benevolence accepted his disciple and took him in his service. The sword of truth destroyed his doubts and dispelled all inner gloom.

His mind was illumined and so was his surrounding. The humble Bhagat Singh became so fortunate in all sincerity and diligence, he would carry horse-dung, rubbish and broom and he felt blessed beyond all limits. By the stream the Tenth Guru built several forts. He raised small cantonments and gave them different names Taragarh, Lohgarh, Holgarh and Fatehgarh. Life-consciousness grew for the sake of freedom. Takhat Kesgarh Sahib was rising sky high. Bhagat Singh bowed at all sacred places including Manji Sahib, Damalgarh and Sisganj, Akal Bunga, Bhora Sahib, Damdama Sahib, Bowli Sahib, Shaheedganj and Guru Ka Lahore.

HORSE KEEPING

Bhagat Singh settled at Anandpur Sahib. He was wise and alert, a man of virtue, a devotee of the Guru, an expert at horsemanship. He could provide an efficient cure for all horse diseases. He would prepare medicines from herbs and thus he engaged himself. He had meagre food and rest. He brushed the horses and rendered constant service. He cleansed the stable thoroughly. There were different varieties of horses which were purchased from far and wide. He used to take care of their feed. He valued them more than life.

STIRRUP

To help the Guru put his feet in the stirrup and to handover the spear, Bhagat Singh would prepare the Blue Horse first who offered the sight of spring, Sandal-like Steed, fragrant frame, gold tissued bridle in the mouth with other decorations and embellishments. The steed would resort to a unique dance. He would stir his legs, leap and bound would wag his tail sweetly. All the hoofs of the blue were thin and his every limb was active, his breast with sex-excitement every limb was galvanised. Two lamps were shedding light-like stars bedecking his forehead. He would briskly turn and wag his tail and seemed on the verge of

flight. The Blue would fly in the air with the plumed one on his back. The sun wondered to see them and would halt his chariot at their sight. At the sight of such a miracle at night the moon would peep keenly at the stable. The breeze would halt to see the blue with the rider on his back. Even day and night would roam bazars and streets to have their sight. Eager and fragrant Breeze would stop to see the unique horse and rider. All would leave their houses to see them. The Tenth Guru would ride the Blue taking an active lead. Bhagat Singh put his (Guru's) feet in the stirrup in all regard and reverence. Next he would advance spear as the Guru occupied his seat. It was the daily practice. In service and devotion, he also served in the Kitchen. He would provide it with fire wood. He would sweep the floor, remove horse dung, fetch water for general use. He would spend the night in prayer and the day in social service. He would eat so little and have brief sleep-but was most devoted to his Guru. Bhai Mani Singh and Bhai Nand Lal were his honoured companions. Thus he would render service to all. In the cause of education, he read books, did some writing and mugged up Gurbani. Strength and devotion in every pore would touch and inspire him.

A LITERARY ASSEMBLY

How to describe the beauty of the weather at Anandpur Sahib. Morning, noon, evening and the night looked so gay. A literary assembly was held in this wonderful situation. Poets attended literary seminars at Anandpur Sahib Court. Scholars, poets and artists inspired the whole world. Every word, in this gathering illumined like the candle. Poet's pen wielded power which made wastelands flowery and flower orchards bloomed. The poets recited heroic tales of past and examined the present critical age diagnosing the present spirit. They promoted the people's faith. Every verse of their was a cinder of energy. The people got inspired and began to get training in arms. The literature created at Anandpur reformed the society in a most effective manner. Heroic and chivalrous songs were sung. Guru Gobind Singh coupled

rightly the pen with sword and made admirable use of weapons. The Guru bestowed upon the poets high honours on the Eve of Kavi Samelans. He made them precious gifts. About fifty two poets came and recited in Guru Darbar and Anandpur Sahib turned into an ocean of learning. Many came to make offerings to the Guru from distant parts of India and got their desires fulfilled. Liberal gifts were made to poets. Heroic verses became much popular at Anandpur Sahib. This led to India's reconstruction. Many petitioners came to Anandpur to tell their tales of woe while shedding abundant tears. In this court besides the poets, scholars, many other devotees were Bhai Nand Lal, Bhai Mani Singh, Bhai Daya Singh, Bhai Dharam Singh, Bhai Gurdit Singh, Bhai Udai Singh, Bhai Sahib Singh, Bhai Himmat Singh, Bhai Mohkam Singh, Bhai Gurbax Singh, Bhai Sher Singh Faujdar, Bhai Sangat Singh BangeSari and Bhai Bachitter Singh. All were attending the sermons of love by the Guru and were feeling Paradise on Earth.

BHAGAT SINGH'S FIGHT WITH A PATHAN

On a full moon night at Anandpur Sahib there came countless devotees. They attended a sermon and ate at the Langar and returned whence they came. To fetch fuel at evening, Bhagat Singh made for the wood which was a long way off. A Pathan encountered him. The Pathan without reason intended to pick a quarrel. He thundered like an eruption and thundered for no reason. He quarrelled with great rage. But without provocation, his high handedness could not cow Bhagat Singh down. The Pathan challenged to a combat and fully gird up his loins. He spoke many a harsh word. Bringing redness to his face with bitterness in his eyes, he spoke so arrogantly. But Bhagat Singh, the sword bearer stood calm and quiet a while "who are you and why are you here? What business has brought you here? Cutting and collecting firewood is forbidden here. The order of the Delhi king can start a general massacre. The brave and strong Nawabs, all bow to him with reverence. Cutting wood here will prove too costly for you. At the

wink of my eye all local wood cutters will teach you a lesson. Be off there is time or none would be worse than I who can break a snake's neck by giving a single jerk !" The Pathan fumed with anger to see the youth before him. He stepped forward to prevent him and called his upland friends. The Pathan tried to prevent him aided by his men. Bhagat Singh drew out his sword sensing the whole situation. Bhagat Singh clashed dauntlessly with the enraged Pathan. His devotion turned into force and his face reddened with rage. His eyes flashed like lightning and the sword glittered in hand. He stepped forth and clashed. He received all strokes on his shield. At the Pathan's fake arrogance when he brandished well his sword, the Pathan soon lost his wits and pleaded his men for help. Bhagat Singh used his sword finding no alternative and to give the foe a battle was no longer unjust. Bhagat Singh's sword flashed like a woman's face in anger or like the lightning flash which dispels all intense gloom or like a bride in marriage or a sculptor's master piece or like a pure symphony which directly hits the heart. Thus from the conflict neither chose to beat a retreat. He encountered the foe, in the bitter clash of arms, Bhagat Singh fought actively, an inspired saint-soldier while Guru Gobind Singh in his mind. He made a vigorous use of sword and his feet thumped the ground. The weapons made a rattle and Bhagat Singh showed his mettle. The Pathan had to receive blows in quick succession. It made his men tremble. As they saw his hard scuffle, anger turned into cinders which smouldered within them as if lion in a forest roared at his will. Bhagat Singh hit in the battle like a fierce storm and infinite passion rose within him. The Pathan too an expert fighter who avoided every attack. None knew this hard struggle which turn would take at last. The Pathan too assaulted with full might and main, Bhagat Singh escaped unhurt but it tore a branch in twain. As a poet composing a verse might impregnate it with valour, so in clash their tricks looked attractive full of valour using swords and shields. Seeing Bhagat Singh's courage and enthusiasm, the

Pathan was dumb-founded and he admired Bhagat Singh's bravery saying "These are the Singhs of Guru Gobind Singh ever prepared for death. They die in the cause of Justice unflinching and fearless formidable like a mountain. Whenever they enter the field never bend their neck while fighting but move forward undaunted. Their hearts remember God to absolve them of all sins. They die in the cause of goodness. For goodness embodies God" Again the Pathan said, "Singh Sahib you have achieved your aim. It is no good to shed our blood. Please listen to me for once. I was to see how far you are Guru's True Sikh. Your Guru is also my Guru, that is, Guru Gobind Singh. I was merely to test you." He said with some affection. Bhagat Singh withdrew his sword finding the Pathan scared. "Please excuse me for this trial" said the Pathan, "Though I gave a stubborn fight yet I would make you one request with little deceit or cunning. A humble Sikh of the Guru I am and you are a brother of mine. I am his man and he is my head, my true guide and preceptor. With tearful eyes I beg your grace. I have realized your worth. You have proved a worthy Sikh. As a result of my test, take five guineas I offer with these convey my homage. Then bring for me some tidings. You are so good and true. Two guineas to you I offer for proving a worthy warrior. Your courage indeed has filled me with great surprise and wonder. You are the honour of the Guru by virtue of your true faith. Though composed of five elements, you own divine truth. I have realised your faith. I bow to you my head. You are the Guru's true Singh. I tested you in vain. I feel deeply impressed to see your faith and strength. You are born to espouse up rightness and do philanthropic deeds. Seeing you far from Anandpur, I challenged to a combat. But seeing your skill in battle, I wonder O' Guru's beloved. I pay my compliments to your sincere devotion. I was enroute to a place four horsemen by my side. Please pay the Guru my obeisance with your head on his feet. Also place there three guineas with a wrapper (Palla) around your neck. Glory be to Guru Gobind Singh O whom you are a disciple. I will

find some time to see him. May God grant the Occasion ! Bravo ! O Sikhs of the Guru who die for the Guru's sake getting their heads chopped off and maintain the prestige." Bhagat Singh took the faggots on head and started for destination. the distance seemed increasing and the path stretching itself with the load on his head. His gait was slow but had a staunch faith in the Guru. At last he reached Anandpur Sahib and touched the Guru's feet. He related the whole incident to Sahib Sri Guru Gobind Singh Ji and placed three guineas at his feet and related the whole clash. The Guru was much pleased and he thumped him on the back. It gave new life to Bhagat Singh. Eternally attached to the Guru, Bhagat Singh's valour and devotion now got publicised and he became well known far and wide. He grew further absorbed in his devoted service. He became more humble shedding ego. He became the lowliest of the low doing day and night service with devotion. But he remained conscious of his goal what to do in future.

DARBAR KAUR RECIEVED A BULLET

The enemies had besieged the fort at Anandpur Sahib. All traffic so had ceased and stores of corn run out. So corn became very dear costing one rupee per seer. Thus the fort remained besieged for long. Water too became very scarce. Batches of four would go to fetch it. Two Sikhs would face the foe and two would have water. Thus it was hard to get both food and water. The Singhs would gnash their teeth and recite hymns aloud. Hunger and thirst, they patiently bore. Still hunger caused acute distress. However with faith in the Guru they fought ahead of all. Whatever was available, they took with utmost patience and obeyed all orders. Food could not be had for the asking. How could they conduct the fight. In short, the days of trouble were drawing nearer and nearer. They were vigilant day and night with weapons in their hands. Besieged in the fort on all sides they could be attacked any time.

One day Bhagat Singh's wife Krishan Kaur and his daughter Darbar Kaur went out to the stream for water. It

was early in the morning. The pitcher went into the water and made a gurgling sound. The enemy lay very active with trenches beyond the stream. From the other side of the stream he watched all movements here. Both mother and daughter were on this side. They were carrying water pitchers. A bullet came from the trench and hit little Darbar Kaur. Krishan Kaur began to weep and raised a great uproar "She was my only daughter. I brought her to Anandpur Sahib. No other issue have I. My daughter died a martyr. I had this only child. Now I will miss her sight." There was an uproar at Anandpur Sahib which reached the Guru's court. The girl Darbar Kaur daughter of Bhagat Singh received a bullet wound and died midway to Anandpur Sahib. She with her mother was fetching water for the Langar. She laid down her life. She was the first girl martyr in the history of the Sikhs. The people in the Bazar were talking that she was incarnate of Durga, Laxmi or Sarasvati. Her life was spent in service and in attachment with the Guru. Even a girl could die a martyr. By dint of true devotion, good faith and exalted aim, she laid a grand foundation. A daughter was not a burden for parents. Her life meant love and service and her heart was the seat of high tradition, devotion and service. She was an image of modesty and family love. In these she had no equal. She had received the baptismal nectar with her mother shedding all mortal fear. She became fearless. Life sacrifice was also a service. She went to heaven. Her life was exalted here and hereafter. She attained salvation too. When Guru Gobind Singh came to hear of the uproar at Anandpur Sahib and learnt of the girl's death; he sent for Krishan Kaur. Both Krishan Kaur and Bhagat Singh appeared before the Guru. A large gathering assembled. The crowd was countless. As she wept and cried and raised a great uproar the Tenth Guru was very kind and predicted a son's birth. Then Krishan Kaur was very much pleased. At this happy prediction, she stopped all her wails. She began to think of the future bliss. She bowed at Guru's feet. She was happy to see wondrous sights and rays of light. She saw in heaven, a rain bow with

seven different hues. Thick sun shine caused much light and dazzled all the eyes. A hawk adorning the Guru's hand and beautiful garlands of pearls jingled as they stirred, shoes on feet, riding on blue steed, beautiful bow and arrows, no one could easily describe such a spiritual scene and proper words were hard to find. Krishan Kaur was immensely glad and her devotion crossed all limits. With Guru's blessings, her enthusiasm further increased. Virtue monopolised her mind while her heart developed faith sublime. She was very hopeful and optimistic.

BIRTH OF A SON

Bhagat Singh and Krishan Kaur served the Sangat with devotion for many months at Anandpur Sahib. Krishan Kaur once opened the window and looked around and saw the world at large. Clouds over Anandpur Sahib hovered in the sky and darkness was spread. The atmosphere was quite cool and clouds were on sail. Light drizzle was suggesting eternal sequence of life and death just as ocean was tempestuous in thunder and turmoil. On the height was stir and bustle among the clouds in the sky. Flowers and leaves had bathed today and were drenched from head to foot. The breeze too was leaping up. Trees were swaying on to and fro. The thunders of the clouds disturbed the wide world asleep and the lightning flashes startled all resting men and women. The house was surrounded by the wood which displayed a rare splendour. The inanimate was rousing the animate. They awoke rubbing their eyes and sat in Divine worship. Picking pearls under the sky the grass had grown luxuriant. Love surcharged ecstatic streams were flowing speedily. The water gurgled singing songs and streams flowed on. From far and wide, the clouds appeared and formed a vast canopy. On hearing the human voices, waters flowed in majesty. Mountains told interesting tales. The clouds exert a powerful sustained pull on the heart. The wind blew streams on the way how to go ahead? The cuckoo celebrated love's birth day and stood on the way. Constant lightning flashes called up reminiscences.

Rain fell in torrents just have a glance at the pond. How could a poet describe it? Water came with arms raised from far and wide to meet it. Stubborn clouds held their place. Drizzle drop by drop fell like stars while Moon's smile did waver. "On such a day" said Krishan Kaur "I am feeling not well. I have a sudden attack of pain. Please seek for me relief and send for a midwife soon. Let the midwife come at once and waste time no more." The mid-wife came at once. She took charge of the pregnant woman. A moon-like lovely son was born to Krishan Kaur. Guru Gobind Singh's august prophecy thus came to be realised. A son was born after a year from the time of prediction. Darbara Singh by name was the gift of Guru Gobind Singh Ji. It was praised by all as the Guru blessed Bhagat Singh. By kindling a light radiant, true Guru showered his blessings and received solicitations. There were great rejoicings on an august moment showed his kindness. The creator sent light in the craving lap. There was a wondrous radiance. "May he live long." Every one said. He removed all family woes. A moon arose in Bhagat Singh's house which could not be concealed. There were great rejoicings for a son raised his dynasty. He was the light of his father's eyes. He dispelled all darkness and gloom. Bhagat Singh would hold the child and clasp him to his heart. He would engage him in play and amuse him. At times he would feed him on honey. He would whisper "Vahiguru" in his ears and recited Gurbani in his ears too. Bhagat Singh adored the Guru who had started a new episode. Krishan Kaur too would take the child and sing melodious songs. She would cheerfully look after it and showered all affection. She laughed to make him laugh and felt immensely blessed. She would also help promote dear love in her lap. At times she picked up the crawling one and hugged him to her breast. She would escort him to walk by the finger and help in taking steps. She would run to him from a distance. She picked up the little youngster as she did a flower basket. She would sniff him as she picked up and raised him to her shoulder. The back of the little child smacked of his respected father she would

say that his physical features, lips, nose and forehead resembled his father's. He had his father's habits too. She thus amused herself. At times, she praised the Guru, the donor of all bliss, who had brought joy to Anandpur Sahib and fulfilled all her wishes. Receiving countless congratulations, his joys knew no bounds. All were immensely pleased. When ever they saw the child Darbara Singh played with dust then Krishan Kaur prevented. Still the child would sully his clothes with dust as he played. Krishan Kaur would pick the child and with hand would wipe his forehead. She was pleased to kiss his face amidst joy all around. Krishan Kaur was highly pleased to wash and clothe the child. She would invoke countless blessings as she oiled and combed his hair. She would put collyrium into his eyes and thus enhance his charms. She would kiss him again and again and feel amply rewarded. Graceful were the child's garments while he would lick the dust or earth and the mother would snatch all and she gave bread instead. He would hustle and bustle in the courtyard. As he laughed and indulged in play, she would chase him as he ran and highly enjoyed the fun. Some would praise the child and some would call him mischievous. Curly locks fell in his cheeks which he would fling behind. Some people came from far and wide to see this model of beauty. Some would peep through the windows and collect this wealth of beauty. On seeing the lovely child, they would tend to sing his praises. They came from all quarters to enjoy his facial charms. They would overcome their tedium and feel rejuvenated. The child was loving prattle and would enhance their merriment. The child would run ahead and the mother followed him. He would secure his release and run to the amusement of all. His lovely childish prattle removed all physical troubles and worries. He would captivate the mind and attract one and all. Little Darbara Singh looked like Krishan Murari. Extremely handsome of melodious voice with eyes big and attractive. The little one roamed in the streets. To see him was to see the ocean of bliss and beauty. The mind was lost in thought.

The handsome one would strut about in the holy town's streets. His charms ravished all hearts and took away all senses. A profound influence befell the mind of his face, eyes, nose and ears. "I saw him, I saw him" was on the lips of all. The boy seemed shooting arrows. So piercing were his glances, his sharp, pointed glances would pierce all tender hearts. Their dreadful attacks would hit. Men and women and all there drowned in the ocean of bliss. All those with tender hearts, the little one was on the lips of all at Anandpur town, for his saucy looks, sugar tongue and his sweet graceful gait. Tree twigs would bend and kiss and hail the beloved one. His smile sweetened the heart and fascinated all on lookers felt, bewitched and failed to take their steps. The birds with glowing eyes got tranquillity from the moon. The beauty of his eyes was the talk of Anandpur Town. His fame for beauty had spread by the great grace of the Guru. His unique attractive charms and his fame were gradually spreading like the sun amidst the trees. His clothes emitted fragrance building new environs. Various people glanced at him standing tiptoe on their feet. He received love and affection. From children at Anandpur Sahib little Darbara Singh acquired good reputation. He could wield the little sword with briskness. He had carefree disposition. He was full of fun and laughter. His clothes made a flutter and his royal charms bewitched like Tansen's music.

DARBARA SINGH'S EDUCATION

Bhai Mani Singh and Bhai Dharam Singh with affection and devotion gave Darbara Singh schooling. In keeping with conventions, Bhai Mani Singh taught him Gurmukhi letters. He readily began to grasp. He was taught use of arms. Thus was laid the foundation of Darbara Singh in a most pleasing manner. He had a golden countenance. Service and devotion to student lent him an additional grace. He had acquired the knowledge and full quintessence, so was hailed as Vedvyas of his times. All were so much impressed at his learned explanations. All were pleased to bow before him.

BHAGAT SINGH'S EXTRACTING GRAINS FROM THE HORSE-DUNG

When the Government of the day attacked Anandpur Fort, they suffered serious reverses and could not possess the fort. They failed to make any head way. Despite earnest endeavour, one day early in the morning innumerable. Moughal hordes surrounded the town Anandpur from four directions. Traffic stopped from all sides. Provision's supply stopped. The life of the whole town was caught up in a snare. All means of subsistence inside were soon to be exhausted. They have to live on without food. For many a day of trial, the foes spread on all sides. The singhs plundered enemy rations to quench their hunger and thirst. Finding a chance fetched water, pulse, flour and salt. Even they had to lose their lives after killing some enemy hordes. They endured heat and cold, rains and winter snows till the lotus of their life faded while bearing trials. The starved could not feel contented. No resort to prayer and worship devoid of food in the stomach, their half spirituality was lost. Some singhs put up petition before Guru Gobind Singh Sahib, "We are starving to death in vain, so guide us, O' Great Master" "Be not coward" observed the Guru. "Utter never such words, amritdhari and afraid of death ! You are Singhs so shed all fear. Bad is the life of a slave. It is good to die for freedom and get one's head cut off. It does not become the warriors to betray any hesitation or give way to despair and show any vacillation. It is the test of the Khalsa. Never lose your optimism. As long as life exists, the life of the Khalsa is arduous. It is like to sleep on thorns nor to feel unnerved in woe nor show any sense of gloom while short of vital necessities. Fortitude and courage are marks of a warrior. Khalsa is my embodiment. Keep balance in the ocean of existence. You are bound to reach the shore. Fortitude combined with courage creates a fine impression. Both weal and woe are like night following the day. They change like sun and shade after so brief intervals oft woe becomes a remedy and weal results in woe. They change with the change in time. Do make ruin your friend. Success

shall attend your efforts. If you work with heart and soul, woe harms not the daring. Rather woe encourages virtue. You are fighting for just cause and virtue triumphs at last." In the meantime a Sikh came and bowed before the Guru. Did obeisance and thus whispered, "Kindly listen to me, O' Plumed one! the enemy's pressure is increasing and our plight is so miserable. I am dying of starvation and I have come into your presence. In the guise of Panth's servants, they are looting its assets. We are bearing all the rigours. They are eating like gluttons. We get only now and then quite rough and meagre food. Bhagat Singh eats unrestrained with gusto and great appetite. He commits thefts of your foodgrains from store many a time. Punish him O' Revered Preceptor. See how squat he sits. He eats at other's expense. He is well-versed in thefts though apparently he prays day and night with eyes shut. Sir, you assigned him Dhanna Singh's job. No theft ever occurred during Dhanna Singh's period. Being old he is having rest. Bhagat Singh is all in all. He is eating well thus growing fat. As your honour can well surmise, quite boldly he steals foodgrains without fear before the eyes of one and all. He wears a stringed shirt and poses to be so rich ever since he visited the place. His face is turning ruddy and bears a glow of health. He is consuming all the food stuffs. Kindly have pity on us. Kindly restrict him from this theft. He should restrict himself to his own share. He has not learnt at all to be honest at Anandpur Sahib. In his avid gluttony he cares not a fig for others" Hearing all the statement of back-biter Guru Gobind Singh sternly observed "Bhagat Singh revels in luxury. You may go and bring him here." Being highly enraged. Said Guru Gobind Singh with his bow and arrow in hand. "I will do away with the thief as I did with Masands erstwhile. Bhagat Singh on coming to the Guru's court saw the pulled bow and arrow. He loosened the strings of his shirt and laid bare his chest like Hanuman. Let Guru's arrow lacerate his heart. Let cloth not prove a hindrance. He stepped forward very fondly per practice he laid his head on the feet of the Guru and began to weep.

The courtiers with great surprise glanced at Bhagat Singh's gesture, his bare chest and turbaned head. They accused him of stealing grains and called him a confirmed thief. The Revered Guru asked Bhagat Singh why he was bare in chest. The latter folding his hands said, "It will help the arrow penetrate. If I pilfer grains of food, it is a dark deed indeed ! You may shoot me dead with an arrow, my master as you are. I would rather die than commit such an evil deed. I already belong to you. O' Guru rather ever feel so grateful. My body and mind are your's. You may shoot your piercing arrow. Death at your hand's will be most welcome to me indeed" with folded hands said Bhagat Singh, "I am not at all at fault. Not to speak of theft or pilfering, I remain ever absorbed in God. On coming unto your presence I become a devoted Sikh. I got baptised as a Sikh and learnt to follow the Sikh path. The world through love is yours. You are seen everywhere. Where ever I turn, I find you there. My Guru, kindly guide me further. You are my father. I am your son. I know no tricks or guiles. Untruth, stealth, wickedness, falsehood- all are alien to me." Falling at Guru's feet, Bhagat Singh addressed these words to the Guru "O my guide, the plumed one, I say with folded hands. Listen to me, O Merciful I am highly devoted to you. I am going to confess my faults. You may keep me alive or kill." Another man came and said, "This humble Bhagat Singh picks up grains from the horse-dung, cleanses and washes them. After cleaning and drying these grains, he raises them in heaps. He collects with a lot of labour at morn, noon and eve. Then he grinds the dried grains and feed others before himself. He never commits a theft. I may tell you a clear fact." Bhagat Singh humbly bowed to the amusement of the Guru, "Such a fine service" observed the Guru. Bhagat Singh's noble service appealed most to the Guru who raised him from the ground and highly praised him. Then clasped him to his chest and highly honoured him and turned clay into Gold. He gave him personal touch and showered his affection. The Guru examined grains that Bhagat Singh had collected. All back-biting failed and the back biter felt small,

who could harm that servant whom God granted protection. With the touch of the Guru's person, Bhagat Singh felt highly exalted, an inner joy thrilled him and his mind's portals opened. Bhagat Singh said, "The Guru, Benevolent one proved so generous to me, he saved the honour of his servant with kindness and much care." From that day, Bhagat Singh's fame increased. He busied himself in worship and service and the discharge of worldly chores. He worked with full devotion great care and attention. He was pleased to serve and full worthy was his service.

BLESSINGS AND PARTING GIFT

The fort at Anandpur lay always under siege. Guru Ji resolved to evacuate for the public weal in the year 1704 A.D. He held a general court with an eye on the times ahead. The Guru clasped Bhagat Singh closely to his heart touching with deep emotion while going to depart, the Guru wished him well and showered his blessings. Then spoke to him so kindly "Bhagat Singh, I bless you at this time of your departure. I place under your charge the Sikhs of the western part" Bhagat Singh humbly bowed around his neck-wearing a scarf and said, "Guru Ji, you have bought up your servant with this kind parting gift at the time of departure. I will remain true and loyal with a firm resolve." At the time of departure, there was a lot of tension at Anandpur town. In the town bodies of the people, no doubt, existed but they felt of life bereft. There flowed a stream of tears as Bhagat Singh bowed his head at the Guru's feet again and again. From the Anandpur fort, the pangs of separation Bhagat Singh could not endure. His heart felt oppressed. In his eyes a blank stare, his heart beat was on the increase. As they stood before the Guru, then spoke out one Prem Das, "Guru Ji, how shall we have your sight?" Then answered Guru Gobind Singh in an ecstatic trance, "You may have the sight of Bhagat Singh who is endowed with lunar radiance. The Khalsa fully represents me. Let Bhagat Singh be your guide. He shall be your commander, a peacock among the birds" The other's

companions of Prem Das like Jawahar, Shamu, Mahan Singh Bari, Khem Chand stood before the great Guru all with folded hands " Whenever we remember your honour, this question will arise in the mind. How you used to speak to us, bless Guru Ji, with precepts so kind. Without having your sight, we never took even water. What shall we do in future when your honour is going to depart us immediately." Their hearts were agitated and their minds were gripped with thoughts. The Guru pronounced his verdict "Have Bhagat Singh for your sight" Tender heart of Bhagat Singh melted again and again with a scarf around his neck, Bhagat Singh requested with folded hands, "Bestow kindness upon your servant, help me when I am in trouble at the time of leading other Sikhs of western part of Panjab. Kindly share my grief too whenever I crave for sight, please appear in my mind." All felt deeply moved at the time of fare well. Tears trickled down their eyes. Separation frightened all. The Guru offered a "Saropa" to Bhagat Singh in the gathering and patted and blessed him and resolved all his fears. He offered to him a rosary of sterling pearls with a sword. The Gifts were glittering magnificently. He also kissed his eyes then he ordered the title "Bhai" saying Bhai Bhagat Singh in future. In an exalted mood, the Guru said, "Bhai Bhagat Singh, you now represent the West faithfully follow your daily chores rendering self-less service" Bhai Bhagat Singh became very active as the Tenth Guru showered his blessings endowed with precious gifts acknowledging his noble services. The Guru honoured him with more riches.

Now Bhai Bhagat Singh turned to the West with five companions. He rode his horse all the day from early in the morning till eve. His one hand held the rosary and the other held the rein like the breeze, they moved and swayed. With minds surcharged with love, they met with many a Gursikh of the Guru along the path. From the crystal clear heart words "Sat Kartar" came spontaneously. At many places they set up Satsangat washing the minds of the people. They illumined their darkened ways. People adopted

Sikhism. The light of Sikhism spread all around. Tapers of Religion burnt Aspirations soared high. The Khalsa grew popular Patriotic fervour stirred. Against tyranny, there was unity of Bhagti and Shakti. Military units were established to wage religious crusades. The Khalsa of mother India rendered service so great. Mother Land has been theirs since time immemorial. Self-help was Divine help.

BABA JI'S MISSION OF LIFE

REACHED MACHHIWAL

Bhai Bhagat Singh, Krishan Kaur, Darbara Singh with five Sikhs, they then turned to Machhiwal trudging all along the way. Chanting hymns all the way, they thus reached Machhiwal. They had come from Anandpur Sahib. At length they took the career of reform through their preaching. Machhiwal was in district Jhang. Name Jhang came from grove of trees. The West of Jhang were high dunes and deserts. In the East was Sandal Bar with shrub and brush woods. The peasants complained of low produce when their fields got flooded by the river. There rain was so scarce. They did some cattle grazing. It was said in the year 1462, Malkhan Syal raised this town.

UCHH VILLAGE

In Uchh village lived Ghulam Imam. When he saw Baba Bhagat Singh, he felt deeply impressed Ghulam Imam stepped forth to see a man equipped with a sword and horse, "Whose disciple are you?" whose faith have you adopted? You ever chant God's name?", said he. Baba Bhagat Singh told him about his Guru and related the characteristics of his mission and his noble thoughts. Ghulam Imam was pleased to know and all the Hindus and Muslims followed the common message of Sikh Guru's. Baba Ji, set up Sangat there and Langar was served by all people with devotion.

LAOO VILLAGE

Sailing across the river Baba Bhagat Singh with some

followers reached the village Laoo. There lived Gurdas Udasi who warmly welcomed them. He greeted all of them and offered them all seats. Spreading a white sheet on a cot and fanned them with love. After serving Langar he asked the question about how desire could be conquered and how a prayer could be enjoyed. How to escape from hell. Baba Bhagat Singh replied, "Among the worldly tastes the spiritual taste is great. Of all deeds of charity, the gift of faith is supreme. Of all love attachments spiritual love is great. Of all acts of piety, a holy dip in Name is great. Cravings which often throw one into clutches of woes, only Divine Name can conquer and rid one of all woes. Woes are the water drops lying on a lotus leaf which trickle down and vanish when Divine Name helps. Then can be removed." fear of hell. Addan Shah, a youngman hearing all these discussions grew enamoured of Baba Bhagat Singh's sermons. He felt deeply touched at heart and he began to honour him. He said, "Such a devout scholar is serving a holy congregation. How lofty are his thoughts that teach self-exploration".

SHAHJIWANA VILLAGE

Baba Bhagat Singh left village Laoo and moved on and reached the village Kot Khan and made further advance. The inhabitants of Laoo had offered him most respectful service. Now people of Shahjiwana received him well as they came to have his sight with hands reverentially folded. Here were Saiyyads Latifpur called Shahjiwana by name. Bhai Gulab was head of the local Sangat. All were anxious to touch Baba Bhagat Singh's feet. Nature was feeling jubilant at the visit of Baba Bhagat Singh. Hindus and Muslims both waited on Baba Ji. They spread a white sheet on a cot and seated him with reverence. He taught Bhai Gulab and Saiyyads to devote themselves to God. A Langar was served with great devotion. One of the men of Sangat asked from Baba Ji about God and Bhai Gulab stood with folded hands to hear the sermon. "Love of God permeates every part of our being. Our desires lead to the true one to

whom we devote our hearts. He resides in every limb and inspires our longings. Sweet of heart and tongue is he who devotes his thoughts to Him. Devotedly follow the path Divine and submit to Divine will your wishes will be realised. How great God would be who created this great world. How big that world would be that led to the vast expansion. I am infatuated of Him. He is king of kings and Master of all heavens and earths. He created many rivers, revulets and smiling gardens. He eludes the grasp of wisdom. All past, present and future work under his wisdom. So we all should never forget Him." Baba Bhagat Singh was now seen off with honour and regard. They stood around him humbly folding their hands. Many disciples turned Sikhs. Many became devoted followers. All wondered to see him. How great a man he was ! He had covered a few miles when a cloud became restless and it sang melodious tune. On the way he preached unity and brotherhood among different types of people and brought them together and taught them good companionship and mutual love. One Pathan asked, "How can a good company make a good and decent man?" Baba Bhagat Singh made an answer, "My near and dear ones keep company with the good alone. Good company influences deeply though very few know it. When copper mingles with tin it is converted into bronze. When it mingles with zinc, it turns into brass. When touched by alchemy it is converted into gold. When it is reduced to ashes, it acquires medicinal powers. The touch of sandal wood makes all plants fragrant." He set up a holy Sangat which all could join at large. Having Won public applause, he chose to leave the place and reached Chaniot at last.

CHANIOT

Chaniot lay near a hill slope beside the bank of Chenab two miles away from the river. It offered an amazing sight. There was a princess Chandan sister of Machhi Khan always in male attire and loved hunting. Seeing a beautiful place here, she ordered a town be raised. There were light

reeds and huts and cool shady groves fragrant like Chandan was the water of the stream. So the town was named chaniot. It was in shah-i-Jahan reign. Baba Bhagat Singh's arrival made all the Chaniotis assemble. The descendants of the Taj Mahal Builders became his first disciple. In making cots and churns they were good craftsmen. They came from various classes. Some made red bangles. Khojas, Kapoors, Dhawans and Katyals formed the first holy assembly. The wicked, quarrelsome belicose scandalous men assembled to all of them, Baba Bhagat Singh addressed when they served Langar well "Be good and moon like chaste with minds riveted on God untarnished by allurements and untouched by dissipations. The loving memory of God raises from surville bonds on waking in the morning, Gurmukh bathes and meditates, earns his living with active labour and takes delight in social service. Lovingly shares what he earns and eats and sleeps, so little ever remains in optimism". Baba Bhagat Singh inspired the masses to be pious and have a good company. From there he took a turn and reached Shorkot.

SHORKOT

Shorkot was a fort. It lay over eight miles thirteen years ago till a king demolished it. Now there grew date palms and lived rich Hindus, peasant class, labourers and Musalmans. There was the tomb of Taj Din Shori who died there. The town called Raja Shore now a days a big mound with relics of the town as if some civilization did lie buried there. There was a gardener in his garden. He invited Baba Bhagat Singh and held assemblies and got mixed up with the public. The whole town came there with request for a sermon. Baba Bhagat Singh agreed then and after the distribution of Langar, he delivered lecture on the Sewa devoted service without any obligation thus "Sewa removes filth and human rubbish . It is noble task to sweep the floor and offer water and to render medical aid to sufferer. Service, piety, cleanliness, hearing Gurbani, Hand in work and heart with God can make life blissful." The people of

shorkot served him well. They had a wondrous admiration for the Baba ji. By following the path of Baba Ji, they made their life successful. He turned to Machhiwal and reached next day.

FOUNDING OF BHAIANI THALLI MAGHIANA

Baba Bhagat Singh stopped at Machhiwal and spent some days there. Again, he developed a passion and crossed the river Chenab and reached Maghiana where the river got in spate and water began to roar. Cattle, trees and houses were washed away. Baba Bhagat Singh stood on a mound at Maghiana. It was a solid ground and secure against floods. Uprooted and afflicted were served day and night. Sitting on the Mound, he was engrossed in thought. Water ruined the people. Some had lost their lives. He brought to the mound peak survivors of the flood. That lonely dreary environ caused him great anxiety. As fast as water of the flood possessed Bhagat Singh's mind. The water hit the mound. Baba Ji picked some dry twigs and there with made a fire and cooked some meal there on and passed the night on mound. There came a boat in the water. It had no inmate. This mound got inhabited. Baba Bhagat Singh named it Bhaiani Thalli Maghiana district Jhang. It attracted many more wights some came from neighbouring places and settled there for ever. Baba Bhagat Singh, beloved of all taught them Divine Love. Here on this dune of sand, they served every visitor. He raised a small hamlet to make his abode there. He raised four walls and built a house. Krishan Kaur and Darbara Singh came to reside there at exalted place. He launched Bhakti Movement.

ON THE WAY TO MIANWALI

Leaving his family at Thalli Sahib, Baba Bhagat Singh with Prem Das and many other followers went to preach at Mianwali. He travelled on horse back. Prem Das said, "Baba Ji, I don't like this place. Tedious are paths of life. Terror has turned the people pale. Hearing their sighs, I feel

much aggrieved. I see fort like house with clothes hanging to dry. This many doored mansion a lake of water around. There dwelt some men engaged in verbal quibbles "What happened? How it happened?" one said, "why to believe in God?" "Who made it?" said another, "Was world or God prior?" Enquired the third man. The fourth said, "God created the world." The fifth said, "Co-born, co-dated." The sixth asked where God resides. The seventh said, "Where has He gone?" For the world is under tyranny. There are daily persecutions and incessant blood shed." Baba Bhagat Singh and Prem Das turned their horse's reins. Little further they saw the Qazi held his court. He consulted the Qoran told each sinner his sin. The accused inquired of him what sins they had committed. Qazi snubbed them all, "Shut up O' sinful men" They pulled their horse's reins to see so much of woe. Thither they made their way and set right their saddles. There sat a glutton in the shade of a tree with hedonistic views. He had eaten too much that day over eating became a torture. They covered a mile or two setting their steeds apace that the journey might end too soon. One said, "Why do you squander your money day and night?" The other said, "Why do you hoard your money at all time?" Baba Bhagat Singh's horse took the lead over Prem Das's steed. Then both controlled their horses and took to the path anew. The path at last did bifurcate into two branches unknown. Baba Bhagat Singh asked an old man which track he should adopt, "We are to go to Mianwali, please guide us on the way." God bless you," Said the old man, "Follow the path beyond and not this awkward path. This path beset with swindlers with wicked and evil characters. They cheat and flee. Don't go this way O, Master O' they rob several travellers of their belongings. Here fraud has three aspects. I am tired of seeing all this. One batch contains the violent who kill and throw into well. They won't allow any grave. But only drag rudely their victim. They are absolutely Godless. All infidels and sinful hatch plots against their friends. They are eternally devil-ridden. They would kill their own Kinsmen. The frauds of second type is that they

condemn goodness and tell lies and speak against God. They talk ill of prophets. The third types are swindlers and unreliable. They do only wicked deeds. Their exterior belies the interior. They are given to exorcism and are friends of the Devil, shameless and proud of deceit." Baba Bhagat Singh and Prem Das thanked an old man and advanced a little further and followed the second path. There lay a vast desert with dunes and depressions. Sands were elevated. Prem Das said to Baba Bhagat Singh, "This place is full of magic. The branches of the tree infested all with doubts. The leaves of doubt cling to the branches of this tree. There came a woeful sigh in great distress from the branches. Baba Ji let us go ahead. I feel here afraid." They had a little advanced some fifty steps further when the horses suddenly turned receiving a violent jerk. All saw two naked men emerged from one direction and ran on the other side. Black dogs pursued them. They struggled to escape. The hounds won't leave them. Their nudity was now clear. Royal black hounds were fully aware of the fact that backs of naked men had rich amount of flesh overtook their victims and tore them with their teeth and ate flesh to their fill. All saw some astrologers sitting on the road side given to magic. Some had twisted heads as if all made of wax with sympathising eyes making predictions vague to earn their bread. Their eyes were linked to their backs. They reached Mianwali. A holyman from Baghdad came, Mian Ali by name laid foundation of Mianwali. Baba Ali came and met Baba Bhagat Singh and entreated him to give the corrupt men good advice so that they should shun all vices here and there. After the end of Langar, Sangat was addressed by Baba Bhagat Singh, "Sin gives birth to suffering and virtue leads to joy. Make haste to do good deeds and abstain from every vice. Only virtue ensures bliss. If one recognises a poison, how can one take the poison of sin placed on his palm? As a spider weaves a web and gets entangled in it, so does the sinner. Beware always of frauds lest you eventually suffer. Be cautious of such men. If you remember God, do honest work and share your earnings, you will lead

a very happy life here and hereafter."

TOWN CHAUBARA

Baba Bhagat Singh with Prem Das and others reached Chaubara town. All were received well by Hindus and Balochs. They came with folded hands and begged for instructions and directions in life. It highly pleased Baba Ji who gave them blessings. "Gurusikh wakes up early in the morning to have his pious bathe. He sings Gurbani and does Kirtan and then goes to earn honestly. Then he serves, cares and loves all human beings equally." Baba Bhagat Singh got booklets (Gutkas) written at town Chaubara for a proper recitation. He got them duly bound. For educational purpose, there was built a school. One Sikh was raised from every home and made so well equipped that in defence of his motherland he would lay down his life. No man or woman should remain idle. Baba Bhagat Singh called carpenter and asked him, "Fell some trees and make spinning wheels. Then spin cotton on them and do a regular business. From yarn prepare cloth and sell at Kabul and Qandhar. Fetch goods from those places and abolish poverty." To some he directed, "Obtain salt from Kalabagh's area and sell it at your own shop." They amused Baba Ji when they played games like Kabaddi held fights of cocks and bull dogs and displayed flights of pigeons and wrestlings some lifted heavy weights.

MUZZAFARGARH

Baba Bhagat Singh embarked on his preaching expedition. To Prem Das with him and went on horse back and reached Muzzafargarh. There watered the horses, A man called Ramu lived there. At this place good business was in vogue. Ramu greeted with folded hands, evening Langar was distributed. He requested "Baba Ji tell in this world what should be man's pursuit that he may reach the shore." Baba Ji explained, "As lamp lights the way, God guides the people of the world. The mind of the man is

mirror-like. The mirror if quite clear will show the genuine colours. We see the things around in the light of our feelings. You laugh, the world will laugh. You weep, the world will weep. The body is like a bundle of dust just weigh it and consider. The bundle is filled and puffed with air which is called the breath of life. Unpack the bundle, the air escapes leaving only dust behind. This dust mingles with dust. What is there left behind? Good men are rare. They are detected and they seldom lose temper. Jewellery with gold polish will never be called genuine. Both milk and whey are white but quite different in tastes. Good deeds lie with us. Their fruit lies with God. In chess we play with dice but how to guess the result?" Do work hard remembering God. Shun all vicious desires improve jewel like life observing true humility. Earn with the sweat of brow then render human service. Make this rare life fruitful and promote kinship with God."

TOWN LAHIYA

The inhabitants of Muzzafargarh rendered Baba Bhagat Singh much service. He resumed his travel and made for Lahiya town where water was scarce and vast wilderness was seen. Generally people rode on donkeys and camels. At this place Lahiya Hindus and Muslims assembled to welcome Baba Ji. As they came to know his arrival, they served him with his followers well. Then he spoke on the subject of true religion, "God resides within you and keeps you in good cheer. The Guru assists you by pointing out true conduct. Follow the path Divine if you wish sun-like shine. All desires will be fulfilled. Follow truth, nothing will appeal but truth and resign to will of God."

DERA GHAZI KHAN

Baba Bhagat Singh reached Dera Ghazi Khan. There life was tough and hard amidst hills. No well proved useful on this land of Biloch. Leather sacks were in use to bring water. Often on camel's back water was brought in Leather

sacks (Mashkan) King Sirkup's story at Asni was very famous and his daughter Kokila was known for her beauty. Hindus and Bilochs served Baba Ji and asked a question about mind. Baba Ji replied, "Of all mental activities, mind is the Lord. Its creations alone bring us our weal and woe. As an evil mind is chased by miseries and troubles so the chariot wheel follows the horse where it goes. Noble deeds pass your days in peace. Joy follows that mind and immerse it in bliss as shadow pursues a man. Joys do pursue him both here and thereafter. He keeps exempt from pain. Our parents, brothers and sisters can do us so much good as the single mind can do. The mind that goes astray can do us so much harm as no enemy can do."

HARAND TOWN

Baba Bhagat Singh reached Harand town which was founded by Harnaksha the king of Multan. He gave much trouble to his son. He was killed later on Prahlad sat on the throne. When Baba Ji visited the place, the people of the town Hindus and Muslims well received him and served him well. Nurmohammad bowed before Baba Ji with devotion. He asked Baba ji why people did not care for God. Baba Bhagat Singh replied, "The sight of wealth at once turns egoist's head. Wealth leads him stray from Divine path. Little he realises material wealth is short-lived. Those who lack knowledge, talent and moral sense seldom resort to piety or acts of charity. Useless is their existence, though well they eat and drink. They are no better than the beasts though have no horn or tail ! Egoists are stubborn. A dirty mind without prayer is a house unrepaired. Laziness pollutes the body and causes much anxiety. Ignorance is the greatest filth. Eyes of the devotees illumine at the sight of great God even though clad in rags. God blesses the lowly with His sight. Most essential is His sight invaluable asset indeed ! Lovers of God kill ego and destroy their selfishness. They sow seeds of truth in their hearts and they sprout up to their joy. The devotees of God won good name by doing virtuous deeds. Their Bhagati exalts them and they win

regard of all. The Bhagti (Devotion to God) is so excellent as to enamour God."

TOWN HAJIPUR

Hearing of Baba Bhagat Singh's name there came many a visitor with folded hands. They urged him to visit Hajipur. Their head Yar Mohammad Khan came displaying earnest faith said, "We are Guru Nanak's votaries. We have come to have your sight. Siraees too came to Baba Ji. All stood with folded hands and claimed discipleship of Guru Nanak. The Sikhs and Siraees are brethren. Both are Guru Nanak's sons. They rendered service respectfully as brothers to the brothers." Siraees meant the men of Sind. Members of Kahlor family won't cut their beard and moustaches. They had special maxim. The head must be Guru's Sikh. Since then in Kahlor family all kept uncut hair. They were Shiaa Muslims. They did not use tobacco. Yarmohammad showed great faith in the person of Baba Bhagat Singh folded his hands so humbly and touched Baba Bhagat Singh's feet. Family of Mian Sahib Siraei settled at Hajipur. Alias was first Kahlor. His offspring met Baba Bhagat Singh. Many other tribesmen came and sat at holy meet with Yarmohammad Khan in the front. He made request with folded hands after serving the Langar that about Gur Shabad begged for full detail. Baba Ji addressed, "Word Vahiguru is Gur Shabad, a thing of great importance a goblet full of virtues and when quaffed have wondrous effects. It unravels all the mysteries and pleases day and night and makes us recognise divinity following the path Divine. One approaches the shore and it abolishes all our sins and bad deeds. Ten Guru's taught us through their examples."

MULTAN

Baba Bhagat Singh and Prem Das with other followers made for Multan. This area was well known in the world, crowded with saints. The climate of Multan did not suit all.

Still wheat gram, millet and maize grew in abundance. Water was twenty five feet below. Dates were most delicious. Forty towers, four gates, a broad citadel of Multan were famous. Aroras controlled all occupations and were quite affluent. Heavy loads on mules were carried from this place to Balakh, Bukhara and Turkistan. Silk was imported and manufactured cloth. Bangles of costly ivory were made. Pitchers too were most stable and were sold far and wide. Dust, heat, saints and grave yards were the chief attributes of Multan. Its days were hot and nights were cold. Heat affected the eyes which remained often swollen. Here cloud thundered but no rain. Near Sheesh Mahal Bakar Khan lived and he gave a warm welcome and bowed before Baba Bhagat Singh reverentially with folded hands. Baba Ji in Multani dialect exchanged words with him. Guru Nanak's Sikhs living in Multan came at that place and assembled in great numbers. Arains, Aroras, Mohiyals, Kubhars, Jats, Weavers, Khattris, Khokhars, Fishermen, boats wains, blacksmiths, shoemakers, barbaras, Sayyids, Pathans, Washermen, Sheikhs, Khnejas Mehndi Ratas, Giddars, Khuranas goldsmiths, carpenters, Rajputs, Bajajs, Tanejas, Rahejas, Batras, Goras, Junejas, Sadnas, Chopras, Kakars, Lulas, Dakhnes, Gakhars, Sunejas, Nagpals, Sethi, Khukhreas, Trejas, Ichhlanis, Thukrals, Sachdevas, Chawlas, Dorejas, Talejas, Chaudhris, Mehtas, Kuresh, Traggar, Thalim, Joyya, Saugar, Shamas Tabrezi, Fazal Shahi, Rajapuri, Makhdoomis, Jalalpuri, Shershahi, Ghaunspuri, Bahawalhaqqi and others attended the holy meet. A Langar was served. Hindus were easily known on head a pink turban red Salwar and Tilak on forehead or cap of crimson colour. Mohammadans were in white. There poor lived from hand to mouth. With folded hands said Bakar Khan before the holy meet, "Baba Ji throw some light on God's Love." Baba Bhagat Singh began to express before the large congregation thus, "That act alone is decent which keeps us absorbed in God. Only that head is lucky which seeks the path of Love. Thousands of lovers stake their lives on the path. It most pleases them to recline against the wall of love. Call that

man fortunate who leans towards the Lord and is immersed in love divine. It is love divine that bends the back of the highest heaven. It acts as a soothing balm. Kings renunciated their kingdoms to learn divine secrets. By love of God, we mean to remember God always and heart should be abode of God."

KAHROR

A Kahori shirked labour and mostly was self-centred. The farmer was in distress. He preferred local relations but mostly remained detached. He was fond of jokes with friends. He won't spend anything for common cause. Baba Bhagat Singh reached there. After the time of Langar, Kahoris made humble request to say something about women. Baba Ji expressed, "In Sikh faith woman is the better half, devoted to her husband and spiritually blessed. Love is made to her in the hope of off-spring. She gives birth to great saints and all should treat her equal in social life." Then bade Kahoris farewell and they gave Baba Ji honours knowing him well-versed in wisdom. Baba Ji gave his blessings.

MAILSI

Baba Bhagat Singh reached Mailsi. There was Guru Nanak's Darbar. At little away was Farid's well. He dangled head long up side down for twelve years doing so hard penances or enduring voluntary sufferings. Adjoining Guru Nanak's Darbar was a blooming flower orchard. Sangat of Darbar requested, all requested in unison, "Say something about Humility." Baba Ji after the distribution of Langar addressed. "Panther bows before attack, the thief too, keeps so low and bow bowing shoots an arrow. But very few are those at heart observe humility. Humility is first step to learn Sikhism. It assuages all ailments. The earth remains so low losing sight of itself ever beneath our feet is the knower of Sikh faith. It quaffs in full rain water lets each obtain its yield. Feet keep low, shed ego, they are most

fortunate all bow to the feet. As the smallest human finger is ever adorned with rings, as a small oyster is raised into a pearl as the small alchemy makes gold, as saffron applies the Tilak, likewise precious humility uplifts a Sikh. Humble grass is crushed by feet. The cow eats green grass and yields milk so white. Milk is turned into curd and curd into butter and whey. Later on Ghee fries sweets on a large scale in marriage." Sangat respectfully did pray with folded hands, "Baba ji please, stay more. Why are you inclined to go?" "I have got to go" Said Baba Ji. He reached Tulamba riding horse back.

TULAMBA

Tulamba was well known as Sajjan Thag met Guru Nanak there. Sajjan made the first Dharamsal. Baba Bhagat Singh visited this place and preached Nam, Dan, Ishnan and reached Sarai Sidhu where Sangat awaited him.

SARAI SIDHU

Baba Bhagat Singh sojourned in the Sarai (inn). Sangat came in a garden nearby. No limit was to the crowd. Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs came all those endearing Sikh faith. Public said there lived a man interested in sorcery and well-versed in it. All were afraid of him for he exorcised black magic. His name was Mian Rehman Charoa, a man of miracles. He was worshipped by kings of Bikaner. With a snake in hand he rode a lion many a time. He could avert the events. If a woman desired, she could bear a child. His magic could bring a rain as he willed. To protect from evil, he used to tie an amulet on the arm of children. By using magic words, he could remove all ills, ghosts and spirits. Baba Bhagat Singh told the Sangat that such a magician could not enjoy any happiness in life and he was deprived of God's Bliss. Mian Rehman charoa on hearing Baba Bhagat Singh's fame, one day joined the Sangat, he questioned Baba Ji, "Please fill my life with zest. What is the use of God's worship? What is man for?" Baba Ji said, "It

is good to remember God again and again. Memories bring a new union, new union indeed. When you get a Ghee-stained pebble, it yields sweet smell likewise the one remembering God will be influenced by Him. He ever emits fragrance with his beauty and charm so Mian Rehman Charoa with Sangat served Baba Ji well and Baba Ji blessed him with the Sangat to remember God. Who at the end would be helpful. Now Baba Bhagat Singh made for Ahmadpur Lamma to preach further.

TOWN AHMADPUR LAMMA

Baba Bhagat Singh reached Ahmadpur Lamma (Bahawalpur state) A.D.1711. Then he went to Sueevihar. Baba Ji blessed both Sangats of Ahmadpur Lamma and Sueevihar as both showed much love and served well. In Suee Vihar, a Shastri talked about God. But Baba Ji told him, "God has many aspects. cows are of various colours but they yield white milk both times. Likewise God is Painter. God resides in His picture. He makes rational truth in various forms. Just try to meditate God who is in His Nature. As rain falls on flowers, they emit a sweet fragrance." Baba Ji reached Uchh and then Baba Ji made for Shahkot. The area of Baar already thief ridden, Baba Ji went with great care and caution on mission of religious preaching. Public assembled there and took interest in his preaching concerning Sikh Panth. They served him well. Baba Ji reached Malka Hans. This territory was known as Baar. The people of this area used to loot the wayfarers. They were quite good at fighting. In ancient times they resisted Alexander's forces. This is known for Jand, Krir, Pharwah. To welcome Baba Bhagat Singh, all Hans leaders came. Among them Sheikh Qutab's son called "Malik Hans" head of Hans tirbe welcomed Baba Ji especially and entertained him and his men and listened to Baba Ji's sermons with great interest. After preaching at Malka Hans, Baba Ji arrived at Pakpattan for its link with Shaikh Farid. It was a famous place. Baba Ji paid a visit after getting off his horse. In order to enjoy the sight, Mohammad Saiyad,

the successor of Shaikh Farid seated him with all reverence. He showed the Tomb and Jannat Darwaza with full regard and deference. Arains, Qureshis, Chistis, Sayyads all assembled there with Khatris Aroras, Brahmins, Jats. All came to hear his sermon. A saropa was presented to Baba Ji by Mohammad Saiyyad. It was printed tastefully. Mohammad Saiyyad and others came to see Baba Ji off. They gave a cordial farewell. With a desire to see him again. Baba Ji had a long travel on the way to Dipalpur. All watched his appearance as he was about to go. Some said Baba Bhagat Singh was a seer with rediant light on face. He was a moving light. He travelled like Moses or like Shankaracharya making many sangats on the way. He kept travelling on. Ultimately Baba Ji reached Dipalpur which looked from distance. Its old name was Siripur Khannas, Kapoors, Malhotras- all worshiped Laloo Jasraj and conducted Maghi fair. At Dipalpur kot when congregation assembled, Sikh faith was preached to them and Gurmukhi Script was taught in a well set manner. He made them write on tablets. While teaching Gurmukhi he felt most inspired. He taught young and old. He began to impart instructions after teaching Alphabets. Many children came to learn the Gurmukhi letters to make their lives fruitful. Said Baba Ji to disciples, "Service was the Guru's verdict and serve and do serve free from interest. Hands and feet become successful with service and sincere faith. Service brings contentment and contentment yields comfort. Let the heart be inclined to God knowing Him final Master perceiving Him at every place and learn service, faith and patience. Worship His Name. As a parrot in the cage is ignorant of outside world and takes the cage for real truth, so is restricted knowledge. Like a parrot kept in cage is limited human wisdom without His Name. No truth will come. It is an open secret." The Sangat exclaimed, "Bravo" admiring Baba Bhagat Singh. With affection bade him farewell.

KOT KAMALIA

Baba Ji attracted public at Kot Kamalia town. The place

was most notorious as abode of swindlers. Among the 'Kharals' of Kot Kamalia, Sadaat Yar Khan would loot every way farer by means of might and main. When gifts from king of Persia were on the way to Delhi, he would snatch them on the way. So Sadaat Yar Khan was imprisoned by Aurangzeb. By trick he was released. Sadaat Yar Khan aspired to marry girl from Syal Clan of Jhang. He contacted Ghazi Khan Sayal who retorted, "O' Sadaat Yar Khan! you own so meagre land nor equal the sayals." this response broke his heart and he felt humiliated. It brought him much disgrace. As all the world did know, on learning of Baba Ji's arrival he came and touched his feet. Baba Ji advised him, "Find God within yourself" Sadaat Yar Khan made entreaty, "Please teach me I am a man forlorn." Baba Ji remarked, "Just as a village in sleep is washed away by flood, a mind engrossed in wealth suddenly has to face trouble and kith and kin provide no help, It is only God whose remembering can heal all wounds."

Baba Bhagat Singh reached first Shahpur, then Kirana Town and from here to Lakhan Pargana on the day of 'Shivratri'. There dwelt a yogi along with other Yogis. Shiv ratri fair was held with great pomp and show. The master of the Dera was yogi Sunderdas. He ever dwelt on hill and said it suited him. Only disciples came below to beg for him the alms ever since he took his seat. He never came to the plain. With Baba Bhagat Singh's arrival at Lakhan Pargana, there flowed a stream of love. Trees bowing their heads in reverence folded their hands to welcome Baba Ji with the Yogis. People of the Mela of Shivratri came in crowds and bowed to Baba Ji when Yogi Sunder Das heard a great saint had come, his disciples in all reverence took Baba Ji to the hill. Yogis stood up in reverence offered him milk and then served him well and inquired about Guru Nanak's Panth. Baba Bhagat Singh told in details about Guru Nanak to Guru Gobind Singh and Banda Bahadur too. They bade a moving farewell to Baba Ji. Baba Ji took his way to Sahiwal. Here Aroras were in majority. Very few were Musalmans. There were mostly Hindu Landlords and some were traders

too. Dishes, cups, Basins were the goods sold there. Baba Ji held assembly to preach the Sikh faith. After serving well, at last, they bade him farewell and he made for Khushab and Bhaira. The people of this area drank the Jehlum water. Good drinking water was rare. There came Bilochs, Sajurs, Khokhars, Awans and Bakars to welcome Baba Ji. Silken Sheets, embroidered carpets were made there. Thus Baba Ji taught them Name Divine to traders and farmers and made them conscious for good trade and unity. He set up Sangat to face common crisis. After serving the Langar, they saw him off. Then he visited Bhaira town. There marble goods were made as well as swords and arrows. Skilled black smiths manufactured weapons, scissors, razors were sold in thousands. Baba Ji addressed them and edified the Sangat. He gave them Nam-Dan and all were happy. They served well and bade him farewell. Now Baba Ji made for Takhat Hazara. Most of the Jats were of Ranjha's caste. There were wells and sugar canes grew in abundance. In this town was a very big Banyan trees providing a thick shade could tether one hundred and fifty horses under those shady trees. Defective water hit the throat. The town spread over one thousand acres named Takhat Hazara. Ranjha's treated Baba Ji cordially and learnt spirituality. Serving him well, bade him farewell. Baba Bhagat Singh reached now Hafizabad in the district of Gujranwala Hafizabad was founded during the reign of Akbar. Hafiz was Akbar's right hand. Kapoors and Chopras came from Lahore and took these lands. Dealers in hides and bones Khojas also came here. Yonder lay Dulla Bhatti's village. People wore turbans with head uncovered. Women's had men's height. Most of the people were cattle thieves as was done in the area of Baar. Here Baba Ji set up Sangat and gave his message. After serving the Langar, Baba Ji was seen off with gifts from the people. After his usual preaching he came to Gujranwala. Here cattle herds and pastures were abundant. Because of Gujar inhabitants, accidentally got this name. All dwellers here were pastors and pastors were their kins. The Sansi Jats of Amritsar had driven the Gujjars out. Some came again

and settled and developed love for the place. Van, Jand, Krir, Berries, Peelus, Shrihs were found in desert areas. Cotton, Sugar cane, Myrtle, Moth, paddy, wheat and grain were common crop. The level of the water was high. Most of the Bhattis lived at Gujjaranwala. Virk, Varaich, Chhina, Gorai, Sekhon, Kharal, Dodhar, Yog, Godal, Saiyyad, Khatri, Brahmin, Aroras and others lived there. Weavers were called 'Pawalis'. They wove sheets and carpets and Lungis and Niwars. In this area Baba Ji set up a Sangat, preached and a huge Langar was distributed to all the Sangat for his visit to this place. Next Baba Bhagat Singh reached Saidpur Papnakha. As Babar looted this city all the world knew. Baba Ji went to Roari Sahib Gurdwara. After Saidpur and Roari Sahib's pilgrimage from here he reached Papnakha the birth place of Loona. Then he moved to Dhankal which was known for Sakhi Sarvar who added to its glory. Sakhi Sarvar was also known as Lakhdatta for he made provision for water which brought cure for leapers. Thus adding to his honour, Shahjahan got his house converted into Mosque. When Baba Bhagat Singh reached, thousand of people came to listen to him. He showed new light of Sikh faith which looked good for social development. After Langar's distribution, he left for Badoke town. Here Baba Ji had a chat with Gosain who offered him warm welcome. Gosain called Guru Nanak Dev incarnate and held him dear.

In the year 1468 A.D., a Brahmin Sain Das lived at Trigiri near Badoke. He was a master Sorcere. He also reared cows who grazed at Badoke. He passed his time at a pool in a meditative posture. One day a holy man came and asked him for milk. At that time no cow gave milk. So he could not offer him milk. The holy man said, "Hold any cow and get a stream of milk." At once the cow gave milk, the moment he pressed her teat. Holy man said, "Ask for any boon Sain Das." "Kindly bless me with a son like you", requested Sain Das, "Thus fulfil my desire." The holy man said, "kindly think over it, consider I shall be born one term but I will not marry. Give me your pledge" Saying it the

holymen vanished. It was the year 1504 A.D., Rama Nand took his birth. There were rejoicings at home unusual child of religious bent of mind grazed the cattle very wisely at the age of seven. He proved very good. Sain Das now had his abode at Badoke for good. All began to call Ramanand the incarnation of God. His cattle ate up crops and complaints were many despite care and watch, loss could not be detected or avoided. He became a lad of twelve. A match came from near Sain Das accepted it. By all he was congratulated. The pledge given to holy man was outright forgotten. On the day of betrothal, Ramanand left his home with a stick in hand and made for the pool to bathe and went down the moment he entered. For the parents deep anguish to their woe they only found. His stick buried in mud, the stick grew into a berry and they began to worship it. Rama Nand's mother was weeping constantly. One day her son appeared, he stood before her and said, "I shall see you daily". Daily he came and met her. She told her village fellows. At it he vanished for ever. By that pool stands now a small simple temple. Brahmins and other devotees came to enjoy Baisakhi on 'Chaudas' they offered berries at Badoke Gosain. Still there was a "Kachha pool" votaries held it in much reverence. After visiting this temple and preaching his mission, Baba Bhagat Singh suddenly had the thought to call on Bhai Kanhiyya for whom he had much love as they were together at Anandpur Sahib.

SAHODRA

Now Baba Bhagat Singh reached Sahodra. His mind grew eager to see his friend. Bhai Kanhiyya at Sahodra was devoted to human service. Sahodra was by the river Chenab and founded by Ayaz during Mahmud of Ghazni's time. Sahodra had one hundred gates prepared by Ali Mardan in Shahjahan's time. A garden was laid and a canal was dug out. Nine Lakhs were spent on the garden. So it got Naulakha name. From Wazirabad it was five miles away. At the arrival of Baba Bhagat Singh, Bhai Kanhiyya met him with love. Two were "Gur Bhais" They were knit

together by love. Bhai Kanhiyya showed great regard and deep affection for the Baba Ji. Both had sacrificed their all in social and religious service. Both were for the poor a soothing balm. Both had made self-conquest. Their four eyes shed light divine. Both never bragged or boasted of their piety and devotion. Baba Bhagat Singh was served well and there was a Langar day and night. So now he took leave after remembering Guru Gobind Singh's Grace riding on horse back. Bhai Kanhiyya most politely offered a befitting fare well. He enjoyed the holy meet. Both were so fortunate.

NANAKANA SAHIB

When Baba Bhagat Singh left Sahodra, in the course of his preaching a strange desire cropped up in mind to see Nanakana Sahib. He soon reached Nanakana Sahib on the day of full Moon. He saw the birth place of Guru Nanak Dev. The Sangat was in crowds. Ragis (Musicians), Dhadis (Ballad Singers), men and women sat at Guru's darbar and shabads were the food for their souls. All Hindus, Muslims and Sikhs were happy to celebrate the Gurmurb. The lecture was delivered and very profusely it was stated about Guru Nanak's Panth. "The first word of God in the form of light came into Guru Nanak Dev. It was the origin of Sikhism. God called (Guru) Nanak out of his village to carry light from one end of India to the other countries with delight. One morning after bathe Guru Nanak said, "God who gave him a cup of nectar with the blessing as reward "I am with you, go and repeat My Name and cause other to repeat." He also gave a Robe too. It was the sanction and guarantee of God. So Guru Nanak loved only God. He himself called himself God's servant. In India, there was no other one whom God favoured so much for the improvement of suffering human beings.

BABA BHAGAT SINGH'S DREAM AT THALLI SAHIB MAGHIANA

At Thalli Sahib Maghiana district Jhang, Baba Bhagat Singh did his noble preaching. One day during reflection, he kept sitting till night. At night, he had dreams in a long serial form. Though physically asleep, his mind was alert. It was engaged in dreams. As a bird flying in the sky grew tired of its flight, in tiresomeness it perched on the branch of a dream tree. In dream moths of desires came and created a big uproar. Occasionally the eyes of dreams twinkled like glow worms. Memories brought tears in these thoughtful eyes like rain. Mind burdened with thoughts rode on dream's shoulders. In dream Baba Bhagat Singh saw quite a rare place. A ray of radiance sparked in dream. He got inspired many a time in mind to colonise Guru Nanak's place amidst the clump of trees. At the place where Guru Nanak's wooden shoes were lying buried he was inspired to raise there a suitable colony in the name of Guru Nanak Dev. "Let people inhabit it and worship the creator" Its name should be Nanaksar. Suddenly Baba Bhagat Singh woke up. He was highly bewitched by dream. He had seen a lot in dream. He was enamoured of it. He made a first resolve with the chant of sacred hymns to colonise the place. This desire emerged from his dream. His dream was just as some child painter in a way inserted irregular lines in his portrayal. He would be vague no doubt, till he made the drawing complete. In search of a place Baba Bhagat Singh was so fast as motion of a storm. Remembering Vahiguru and leaving his hearth and home, his buffaloes and cows, he covered a long distance to go forth to realise his dream. The task was taxing. It was with due reflection to discover an unknown place and then to unearth Guru Nanak Dev's wooden shoes. As air won't stick to a place but ever remain in search, so Baba Bhagat Singh kept proceeding. His mind was ever in fancy though feet were on earth. He resumed his exploration of and on when rain came and made a sudden attack, he wrung his wet clothes and restarted on horseback. Just as the blue sky looked like a basket of stars, moon looked moving so fast so his mind was equally active. When passing from a jungle in day time, it

looked dark. There were green grasses but no cattle at all. A walk took him out near the edge of the forest till night made appearance and stars became visible. Perhaps without a wink, they were staring at the earth. He crossed desert places sands and flowed like streams. These places were called "Thal" from far and near the sandy dunes were seen without any water. Birds and beasts had nothing to eat. High mounds lay around taller than the humans. Baba Bhagat Singh on horse back chanted hymns. The stream of his heart carried knowledge replete with music. Tracks grew complicated like the curly hair comb-like moved Baba Bhagat Singh quite clear in his thought. His two eyes were like torches which looked for unknown paths. An old man asked Baba Bhagat Singh, "Where are you going? What have you lost here?" Baba Bhagat Singh answered, "I am to go ahead. I am on special errand." After search, he returned to Thalli Sahib. Immediately the news of Banda Singh Bahadur's arrest was heard and he got the news amidst heavy crowd as Banda Singh Bahadur was caught at Nangal by the clever Moughals. Now Baba Bhagat Singh was informing to all the masses. He invited all the youths for self-defence. In the people, he kindled the lamp of love. The boat in the mid stream, he took to the bank. He resolved to secure liberation. Now he addressed the Sangat at Thalli Sahib, a place of his living. He narrated the Sikh history from Guru Nanak Dev to Banda Singh Bahadur. The message of the Gurus he had repeated thus, "There should be a good rule and welfare state. Like birds, the people should fly opening their wings in the air. Where no one feels like a slave. Where peacocks dance in verdure, where ducks dive and swim. Where koels sing among mango groves, or birds sojourn so free. Common man earns his bread. Every leaf sings paeans of joy, every flower relaxes itself, then the life will be fully enjoyed and bonds of slavery will be broken. I first thought to join the crusade and show my feat. Then I thought that Tenth Guru had sent me on an errand to make for the West and to disseminate Sikh faith. I spread the perfume of Sikh faith in this troubled period. Bhai Mani

Singh is working at Sri Amritsar Sahib in the central Panjab and I am doing in the West Panjab."

A COMPLAINT OF THE FARMERS

Some farmers came together with this request, "Baba Ji, we are hard pressed. Save us, O' philanthropist, rulers wickedly loot us, then threaten us with sword and graze cattle in our fields. On protest they attack us. They gallop their horses in our fields without check, restraint and destroy all our crops. Like birds, they swoop on fields. Baba Ji find some remedy. For all our fields are in ruin. They won't heed protests. We are in much trouble. In the misty early hours, we wake up, and see the sky. As we water our crops, our hands catch bitter cold. In the scorching month of June, we face a sizzling heat. Fire from heaven is poured. The cattle loll their tongues suffering from awful heat. The earth burns like iron. When we crush our corn, our bodies get perspired. We feel out of breath. We till and delve our land and deal with our cattle. Rulers trample our fields with callous indifference. Flood or storm or whirl winds all carry us off. Hails and heavy rains all make us most unnerved. Seeing our crops ripe, the Moughals destroy them. They not only set their horses but personally trample under foot. Despite hard labour, we move about in woe. We can't even pay revenue. We are famine stricken, how can we have good dress? We can't buy even cattle. Our debts daily increase. We feel so hard pressed."

HIGH HANDEDNESS WITH THE FARMERS

Some other peasants sat together and made this protest, "Our children are starving despite all our earning. We earn a lot landlords consume idly. They do high handedness and rob us of our things." Thus sat they all together to get out of this trouble, "we are laborious farmers but have the worst of time. We enlighten other's houses, ourselves in utter gloom. We are being crushed. We can't have a square meal. We are dying of hunger. We have

shabby clothes to wear. We bear the rigour of cold nights. The landlords are looting us. They lie in cosy quilts, we shrink in intense cold and die of cold so often. All land belongs to God. Landlords have grabbed it, we labour on this land, they eat resultant fruit. The burning rays of the sun in June fall upon our heads. The landlords keep us yoked and sit in cool shade. They eat cream and butter and we have whey to take. We are God forsaken, law always favours them. We live in broken houses just like cattle in sheds. We are so simple peasants, we never wrangle with others. From them, we dare not beg our rights." Baba Bhagat Singh told all of them. He had understood them well and realised their plight. He asked them to form a union and see him the following day. Next day they sat together and held their meeting. Baba Bhagat Singh spoke to them and related all about the Sikh revolution that was going on to change the government as directed by Guru Gobind Singh. He told them to form their batches first demand their rights and then fight for them and to become Guru Gobind Singh's followers. "Victory will be yours, face the foe together and it will improve your lot. Might is ever triumphant."

A QUARREL BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE

Baba Bhagat Singh while sitting at the place Thalli Sahib. Once tackled a husband-wife clash. The wife wept and said, "My husband has expelled me from the house." She raised a hue and cry and attracted many people. Boys, girls, from all quarters came rushing to the place. The husband was in rage. He lost his facial colour. He rebuked her, expelled her to the shock of all concerned. The wife too defied him. Anger enhanced anger as her husband gave her a push and drove her out of door. Boys saw her in the street and exclaimed, "O my Lord, see how the cupid throws his darts standing at this crossing. Though married still so charming as though she were a maid. So piercing are her eyes perforce they win over hearts." Some remarked, "She was a fire that burns like a cinder. Her pride is like Qutab Minar. She burns like a torch. She moves with deer's

gait." "Don't stare at me like this" said she. Baba Bhagat Singh advised husband and wife in turns. "It brings you both disgrace to wash dirty linen in public. Sit together and settle dispute. Don't flare up in rage nor suspect each other but settle well at home." The wife wept and said as she sat among the public, "I am quite duly married. This house belongs to me. Where am I at fault? We are so firmly knit. The nuptial ties cannot break so ordained by the Lord. The Indian woman leaves only her husband's home when she dies. The palanquin sets relations which she ever keeps in heart. It breaks only on bier. Even then it won't break through children too, their love remains ever in living state. Love does not die with death. But ever remains intact. It can't flow in water but keeps the banks intact." Then the wife said to her husband. "Why did you come to wed me? Riding a mare, wearing a chaplet, just think of that time. Take sense avoid mockery. Tell me where I should go? My parents have expired. Why should I go to brothers?" Hearing her arguments, husband regained his senses and reached a shore the sinking boat. The wrangle came to an end. "What quarrel between husband and wife? Observed Baba Bhagat Singh, "It is a sweet quarrel because of living near. At home both love and bickering, smiles as well as tears are good. Love is a matter of secret but quarrel an open secret, a public matter. Please quarrel ever in secret. Don't give it a long rope."

MOUGHAL HOOLIGANS DEVASTATED A VILLAGE

Some people came, wept and said to Baba Bhagat Singh, "We are under tyranny. Sir listen to our tale of woe. When a sepoy or official comes riding a horse, he highly humiliates us and perpetrates great tyranny. No consideration is shown to us as we were play cards. They use us as play things over whelmed with sex desire. They ruin our crops at will or loot us as they like. None listens to our request. Whom should we tell our tale? Taking you for our saviour, we make this meek request. My Lord, many evil doers cause us much pain and torture. They steal our

cows and calves. Tease us and cause us pain. At times, they beat with clubs and keep us ever in fear. At will they set on fire our wheat and hamlets. On simple innocent cattle herds, they inflict heavy losses. Some times they lift our men and dash them to the ground. At times with club blows, they rob us of our goods. Many they put to death and make other's life miserable. The whole surrounding quakes when these evil doers come. They kill men birds and beasts inflicting great tortures. They devastate the orchard with their nefarious deeds." Hearing these tales of woe the hearers got terrified. All villages have become crematories. Pain and woe are on each step. The earth and heaven weep. There was tears flood. These hooligans have ruined many villages through robbery and murder. Like devils, they eat the humans. They kill with teeth and nails. They have grown into ferocious beasts, no less fierce than wolves. They are ready to devour child, adult, young or old. The cruel like a dog's tail can never be set right, though one might keep them in a tube many years. They won't give up their habits. These blood thirsty tyrants still make plans to loot others. These government officials are all black cobras. They are licking their victims cuts." Baba Bhagat Singh answered, "Please live and work in group and follow the path of Guru Gobind Singh. God helps only such people who help themselves. Be bold and take lead from Khalsa Panth. With Bhagati have Shakti. Receive Amrit and learn the use of arms. Good deeds avert all troubles. Do virtuous deeds. To safeguard your honour, adopt Khalsa's way of life and meet enemy's sword with sword. If you want to live peaceful life, be always ready to oppose the enemy and be prepared for battle and make the earth quiver. Make your life fruitful, honest and creative to follow the path of righteousness. You can change your life. Days change, history changes and all the worlds societies are changing." The present people got up and rode their steeds and took forward their steps. All hearts were purged of fear. the masses got ready to sip the nectar on some auspicious day. They uttered, "Moughals vacate your throne-quit Indian

Rule." Again said, "Hit tyranny, hit tyranny, we all are brothers. Abolish all tyranny."

A STORM

As time passed, a sudden calamity overtook them. All men of district Jhang and especially the area of Maghiana where Baba Bhagat Singh was residing at Thalli Sahib. The earth came under flood. All lives were in danger. God Indra flew into rage. The earth became unnerved. Along with that came heavy rain. It shook all homes and hamlets. High water flowed all round. It rose and swelled so high and many cattle and trees were lost. Many houses were uprooted with the brute force of water. Water was everywhere. All streets were streams. It seemed that the whole world was shaken. Many hearths and homes in moment were brought to rack and ruin. All around there was water which forced open its way. Many children became orphans. Their dwellings were destroyed and countless houses were demolished and washed away. None could stay anywhere. The land covered with verdure was now all under flood. Whole land grew topsy turvy. The nocturnal scene was very strange. The sun that rose at morn went down in water some where. The Chenab river banks were broken and water spread unchecked. The rays of the morning showed the storm was beyond limit. The whole situation was disrupted. All people sat in fear and heaved painful breaths. But weeping availed not. What could weeping do? Starved children cried for bread. Nothing struck their minds except singing about the bread. Some ate leaves when hungry. They felt troubled and helpless. Everywhere the hungry suffered. Quite miserable was their state. Corpses were seen here and there and homeless children cried parched lips, breaths paralised with tears in their eyes. They told the tale of terror while heaving painful sighs. Some tried to appease their hunger by eating bark of the trees. Tender girls ate the thorns with soft and tender lips. Their hunger needed bread. Their half naked bodies, dreadful cries of pain, voices choked with sighs and faces

shrunk, all was telling their tale. Some epidemic was feared. Foul smell was in every street. Some were breathing their last saying, "Oh ! I am dying !" Baba Bhagat Singh with some men raised Dams (Bandhs) here and there. They worked with spades and baskets with a view to protect the people. There came floating countless corpses and got stuck in these Bandhs (Checks). Many a man was saved from drowning. To serve the people took both bread and water for them. Who were on last breath were brought to life again. He took many a helper. He opened a general Langar and appeased all their hunger. He also gave them medical aid which he fetched from Bhaiani Thalli Sahib, place of his residence. All troubled people came feeling sure of help as a drowning man they said would catch at straw. Many on the verge of drowning were pulled out with ropes. Through boats tied with ropes many lives were saved. All those both young and old were brought to raised mounds. On a dry place he lit a fire to warm these rescued men. Besides warmth, they were given food. Thus saved many a creature. Half-dead opened their eyes and regained full life too soon. They recognised their relatives wives and their husbands. Water was pressed out of stomachs and several persons were thus saved. All praised Baba Bhagat Singh for this so noble task. He said, "Existence is a riddle who can unravel it? Our life is like a bubble on the surface of water."

TO CURE DISEASES WITH A GOBLET

At Thalli Sahib, a woman came and stood with folded hands. "Baba Ji ailments besiege me. I am on the brink of death. Clouds of worries are hovering. All remedies have failed. I have come under your refuge. The light of the taper quivers. The morning turns into eve. My lamp of life is dying out. I can say now no more. My every word soaked in tears has become sickly person. I am becoming a chronic invalid. I am here under your shelter. Kindly alleviate all my pains. I am confined to sick bed. My life is fading fast. I weep within my heart. I don't betray my grief. My every limb is aching and every breath so painful. I am one without

foliage. I am now just a withered tree. I can digest nothing. What a wrath of God ! Hunger has weakened me. I am ever in the shadow of woe. I pray with folded hands. Baba Ji do me a favour. I am grieved at heart. Kindly rid me of my troubles." Baba Bhagat Singh raised a goblet, a very spacious and attractive. It was all carved within in beautiful words and letters. Letters combined to form words in beautiful Gurmukhi script. They looked like word-pictures so beautiful and sublime ! Whole Japji Sahib was carved, the cardinal holy chant ! Any patient that came here, came only to find relief. Baba Bhagat Singh recited something with Guru enshrined in heart. Without medicine he cured all patients. Thus all patients were cured by the grace of the Guru. To the Guru, Baba Bhagat Singh gave whole credit for their cure. "I am a servant, you so kind, to cure them of their ills extracting labour from my hands. You become the donor of all." The woman now was given to drink water from the goblet by Baba Bhagat Singh. She now resolved to say " vahiguru is limitless" Sunk in the ocean of suffering, she made thousand entreaties. She became his disciple and daily began to pray God, hence forth to eradicate all ills. As a votaress, she prepared a rosary of good words followed Baba Bhagat Singh's wake taking it for a temple she picked his feet dust which abolished all her ills.

THE CURE OF LEPERS

At this moment came a leper posing to be a beggar said, "Baba Ji give me alms. I have heard much of your praise." He shed abundant tears. His face looked so sad. His tears poured out his woe. Heaved sighs at every breath. He coughed in a bowl in hand. He shouted to people for alms too. He heaved cold frequent sighs, stretched out his shaking arm, on seeing the beggar before, Baba Bhagat Singh escorted him and asked him to stay at Thalli Sahib. The beggar's pain was unusual and he sat down with supporting stick stretching long his legs and said, "Life has been all woe. Now I have come to you." Baba Bhagat Singh fetched water in a spacious goblet, chanted Gurbani with

full mental concentration focusing his mind on water. He illuminated water sprinkled it on the baggar and some water gave him to sip. Then washed the sores, applied ointment and dressed all. Next put him to full rest. Leprosy was the disease. He wiped the beggar's eyes and placed him on a cot. Food and water were at hand. He fed him with full faith. Then washed again his sores. He asked an assistant for holy chant paying full heed to it. True Guru showed his kindness. All sores and wounds began to heal. The sacred goblet water suited the ailing man. Like this the beggarly leper was rendered very good service. Gradually he began to heal. All glory be to Guru. Thus he became a votary and began to do good deeds. Now he spent time as a devoted Gur Sikh praying Vahiguru. He preached Sikh faith every where. His fate was transformed. He said, "Who wishes to change his life for the better, must come here. He will receive favours from God and the Guru." He spread the message of service and Sikh faith. He praised too the most earnest labour of Baba Bhagat Singh. Quite wondrous was his personality as he served the needy and helped the afflicted.

BABA BHAGAT SINGH DISCOVERED THE PLACE

In the course of a stroll, Baba Bhagat Singh came to that place by Guru Nanak's grace. He found Guru Nanak's wooden shoes ten miles away from this place. He used his spear on dry land and gurgling water came there out of that dry land. There assembled many a man to chant holy verses. There were held many meetings. In thick nocturnal darkness, there shone the eyes of faith. When lightning gave a flash, there was a dazzling light. There spread moral ideas with full dignity. His fame spread afar. He abolished mental pains by giving doses of nectar. Great Vahiguru was kind on Baba Bhagat Singh who placed a cot there for rest. People came from far and wide and took their seats around. When Baba Bhagat Singh gave details of Tenth Guru's account and his memoirs, men, women, birds, beasts, sparrows and parrots came to hear. He organised the

masses and started his sermons. He widened the scope of the listeners to a considerable extent and gave shape to scattered masses. He put on construction work of Kar Sewa on tank, a task of social service. They dug the earth in day time. People came from far and wide and served day and night. After the work at eve, they heard Gurbani. Devotion gradually grew through service of the Guru. Common cause and good sentiment united in a harmonious blend. Knowing it a Guru Nanak's place, they set up a Langar and observed all tenets at Baba Bhagat Singh's directions. From gold, jewels were made of variegated shapes. Kirtan was regularly performed. They rendered with full zeal Kar Sewa of the Tank. Krishan Kaur, Darbara Singh too came to offer service and to serve the honoured guests. Like the sun, the moon, the stars, the Sangat fully observed punctuality. They carried loads on head and some picked it in baskets. All carried away the earth. All made their life fruitful by singing Gurbani early in the morning (Amrit Vela) and working all the day like the Sun tremendously.

WALIDAD KHAN SYAL DONATED LAND

In the time of Baba Bhagat Singh, Walidad Khan Syal was head of his community and owner of the land in this area. He was the lover of justice. To promote goodness, he donated a piece of land to Baba Bhagat Singh, Walidad Khan Syal was a brave man who won many battles. He came to see Baba Bhagat Singh. His aim was to test him. He asked knotty questions. On getting apt answers, he stood with folded hands and said, "All holy men are God's. You are God's man and saint of this age. I have deep faith in mind so I offer to you the land where meeting is now held. You may have even more land. Please settle here fearlessly. Show the true path of Guru Nanak and Guru Gobind Singh." A Gurdwara was raised with Sarovar Nanaksar. Whoever came with faith was blessed. So Baba Bhagat Singh's influence daily increased. There was hustle and bustle during the Kar Sewa. The speed of work increased some people came from Hyderabad, Sind and

from area of Multan too. They came on mules, camels and horse back. Chanting Japji, they raised basket. It seemed a period of Renaissance. Shedding pride of caste and creed, all manual jobs carpentry, smithy, masonry, the work of construction engaged all in various fields. Now all necessities of life were available at Nanaksar. A new wave in the West Panjab appeared. It was furthered by conducting holy meets. Asa Di Var was sung at dawn. Baba Bhagat Singh's sweet smile shone like a lightning flash. It appeared like a dawn.

BHAI MANI SINGH'S VISIT TO NANAKSAR

At Guru Nanak's place, as called Nanaksar, who ever had a bathe, would get rid of all ills. Baba Bhagat Singh a great philanthropist colonised that place. He discovered Guru Nanak's wooden shoes at this momentous place. He built the Gurdwara. In the service of mankind he also built the tank out of love for Guru's feet. He called it Nanaksar. In January, 1717, Bhai Mani Singh came and he was pleased to see the place. Nanaksar looked sweet. A large number of public too came from Amritsar. Numerous Sikhs also came. They held meetings on the way to Nanaksar Gurdwara. The musicians in Gurdwara sang religious verses. Bhai Mani Singh and Bhai Bhagat Singh sat in much good humour. A congregation was on, a celestial sight indeed. Forty Eighth Pauri of First Var of Bhai Gurdas, they recited. They repeated the Pauri. Bhai Bhagat Singh asked questions to Bhai Mani Singh Sahib, "Five Gurus were so peaceful, the Sixth took to the sword. He fought battles, with two swords of Miri and Piri. Kindly explain the whole thing." Bhai Mani Singh was a Sikh scholar, a man of the age, Head Granthi of Darbar Sahib Amritsar and a great prose writer of Panjabi Language. Bhai Mani Singh related the full life story of Guru Hargobind Sahib. Most of the time, Bhai Bhagat Singh was asking questions and Bhai Mani Singh was giving answers at a place called Chaukhandi. It was done daily. Sitting by the side of Bhai Mani Singh, Darbara Singh son of Bhai Bhagat Singh aged seventeen years was taking notes

and later on composed in verse. So the book Gurbilas Chheven Patshahi was written at Nanaksar situated on the road from Maghiana (District Jhang) to Toba Tek Singh (Tehsil and District Lyallpur now adays). Bhai Mani Singh further explained that he had learnt all about the sixth Guru and committed to memory, Bhai Daya Singh was the first to narrate the life story of the sixth Guru to Bhai Mani Singh who was now relating it at Nanaksar as Bhai Bhagat Singh asked many questions on this subject of history. Hearing the story the Sangat was moved. Later on Bhai Mani Singh left for Amritsar.

NANAKSAR CENTRE OF THE WEST

Nanaksar became the centre of Sikhism in the West Panjab. It became the place of great importance. Here Baba Bhagat Singh was ever in prayer at dawn, noon, and eve. He spoke enchanting words. The Gurdwara lay in a fort. It looked so exalted as though would touch the sky. The breeze hoisted the flag. Bards came to sing their praises using many a metaphor. Each Sikh felt king on the basis of good deeds. Many piousmen visited Nanaksar to have the holy sight. Here Nam-soap was used to cleanse the minds of the visitors. Life's new secrets were learnt here. Celebrates, seers, sages, yogis, scholars, renouncers, vedantins here got a new light of revival of wonder and mysticism within. The fruit-sellers sat in the middle of many paths selling on the basis of no profit no loss. The jugglers and puppet-showers worked for their income. On one side a row of red, blue, dark, Turkish, Tatar and Persian horses were on sale. It seemed spiritual and beauty spot on earth studded with stars. Great warriors came on steeds. Experts in war techniques riding on horses brisk in motion without the use of spur. The bathers took their bathe in the Sarovar where white lotuses floated there like stars spread in Heaven. Nearby a flower orchard was emitting rare fragrance. The saints remarked that Nanaksar was just a fleet in the ocean of Existence. Sufis, Qazis, Yogis and Vaishnavas came to see the sacred spot of Nanaksar and they all were influenced

by this place so spiritual, so musical the way of living of the seekers of truth.

A FAIR AT NANAKSAR ON THE FIRST OF SRAVANA

Baba Bhagat Singh started a fair at Nanaksar. The people from far and near came at the news of fair in Caravans. He fixed the first of Sravana knowing the Earth so fair. This *Purb* then started to the joy of the Sangat. Before the first of Sravana with some resolve in mind, they made for Nanaksar full faith in the shrine. They crossed the sand dunes. Many families from the West proceeded in groups to have the august sight. The powerful gusts of wind retarded their speed. On donkeys, mules and camels, they came in Carvans. So tedious was the travel with sands and constant showers. Still Carvans went on for love of Nanaksar. Who could not join the Carvan and could not spare the time were mostly old women. One said, "I, the God forsaken, I pray Baba Bhagat Singh inspire me in this old age, I may ride on donkeny's back and reach so soon." Another old woman remarked, "I could not finish domestic chores. So unfortunate am I !" The sand shone like Sun. The way farers had Baba Bhagat Singh in their mind. Sun rays fell on sand making the earth well shine. The earth looked white-washed of silver with a broom. White dust floatig in the air caused a lot of discomfort. No cloudlet was seen there nor was any rainbow. No lightning flash anywhere. There was only heat for way farers. There was no regular and straight path only sands and uncertain track. Still joyful was the Caravan with full devotion in mind. No drinking water was there, no lakes or fountains nor was there any verdure. It was only tedious travel of miles and nights were pitch dark. Even though walk for miles no colony was seen anywhere. Their feet struck in sand. Their shoes filled with sand. Won't lose zest for travel. Nor would they get dismayed. Heat parched their throats and raised search for water. With a few bowls of water they carried on their travel. In heart they had for Baba Bhagat Singh extreme love and faith. This faith brought a smile made their tender feet

advance. Taking out sand from shoes, they often lagged behind one escorted an old man giving finger in his hand, "We have travelled so much, only a small part is left", uttered one man very spontaneously. With full ardour, they went. Old men with shaky frames remembering Baba Bhagat Singh moved straight to their aim. The devotion of the caravan men to Baba Bhagat Singh was great. In thier minds, new hope of consciousness raised a great stir. At Baba Bhagat Singh's august sight all trouble and hunger would vanish. New earth would be, new heaven and new luck would favour all. At Nanaksar they would see Baba Ji and get his shower of bliss. They hastened their steps. One said, "I beg for a son." The other prayed for wealth. One said, "I seek Divine Name." Some said, "I long for peace and comfort." One needed rich harvest besides his son's marriage. One prayed well running shop. The other sought refuge. One sought house and husband. One riddance from spectres wished. One prayed for family's good. Just on reaching Nanaksar some said, "They would have a holy dip" some thought much giving in charity at Nanaksar. According to their desires and capacity, all the pilgrims, young and old were eager to reach Nanaksar. Moved many of them on foot, some on ass or camel's back. The carvan had a tardy pace. There came many a horseman, they placed all necessities on ponies and mules. In stages, at a gentle pace all pilgrims, some pious, some profane split their path and walked with active steps. Some minor carvans joined from right and left at moment some held the rein in the left hand and stick in the right hand. Children were gaily clad as walked with eating their bread. They ran then ahead of all. They ran then paused and ran as though to attend a fair. Some wept when got tired. Holymen, ochre-clad walked ahead of all. They bird like in nature, never stuck to a place. Some old men made a voice chanting hymns. Some sang folk songs. With loads on donkey's backs, some walked along on foot. Some shouldered their young ones. Besides their general loads, some were holding parent's fingers moving on. Some asked, "When they would reach?" A child

said, "Dear mother you have been saying for long that Nanaksar is near and nigh. Why have you been so false?" Then she would point with finger, "My child, Lo ! see the place, a few more steps my son, soon place, will come ! look at that clump of trees with cool and gentle shades and a tank of cool sweet water and cool gentle puffs of breeze. Baba Bhagat Singh there lives, yes lives at Nanaksar. There devotional service is key to success. We shall cross a few sand dunes soon, then reach the ground so even and sight the gate to heaven." Mother showed her child the way and walked ahead of him answering the child's questions. They moved at brisk paces on the first to visit Nanaksar. The Sangat would bathe in Sarovar to quench the fire of distress. Deep water divulging Kirtans (Devotional Music) secret. The breeze was heaving sighs by contact with the water as though a lost child told the mother his tale of woe. Thus on the edge of the Sarovar, the public had a bathe with true love devotion. They worked for their well being. Four sides of the Sarovar were love, mercy, devotion and compassion. Nanaksar was a world in miniature to them where the hearts of the worshippers blossomed like spring. The spiritual water of the Sarovar was honoured by the swans like wise stars in the blue sky. There Guru Nanak's glory appeared and conflicts and inner clashes of the visitors disappeared. People remarked, "It is the sacred place, it is the only place where the traces of whims and griefs are removed, where the sleeping fortunes wake up." The earth plot felt amply blessed. Name of God washed all dirt. Body, mind wit and soul improved. All evil deeds would go as sin expelled bitter gloom. An old man exclaimed, "Here caste system seems to be over. Good deeds are household things. Human equality is preached here. Liberty and fraternity are learnt here. Nanaksar is just a mirror of nature. The trees seem to be holymen ever engaged in worship." The devotees were the stars that twinkled in day time. The birds too came from a distance rhythmically waving their wings. They chirped at Nanaksar. At Sarovar, they quenched thirst and felt immense relief.

They sat at Sarovar's bank like piousmen in prayer. Whoever came to pay a visit simply struck with wonder was lavish in Nanaksar's praise. He had a vision of eternity. This place looked like the original Divine Paradise. Here the hearts of the people upsurged with extreme devotion. Their feelings of ecstasy was ever in the ascendant. There none was a stranger. All were well-knit together. They came from far and wide eager to see the place. Though, apparently they differed, yet same light burnt within. The light of love was burning non-stop in every heart.

ROAD CONSTRUCTION

Baba Bhagat Singh got a road constructed from Baganwala to Nanaksar. First he raised Baganwala for the visitors to have rest as they came from all directions and mingled all together. A distance of two miles was covered by this road. Devotees from far off villages were made to settle here. They served the visiting people who were eager to learn Sikh faith to reach Nanaksar.

There was a broken path. It caused much discomfort. Some lost sight of the path. One day near sun rise, some volunteers began to sweep the road by way of social service. Men, women, boys, girls damsels in full bloom, all took to road sweeping near Sravana Purb-Mela with brushes and with brooms. Some took baskets in hands and began to build the road. The people of the neighbourhood began to share the load. It was devoted service not labour. As men of merit knew, service made life fruitful. God in mind prompted the devotee to work. Some threw their Dupattas (Scarfs) and adjusted their arms and careless about dresses were eager for social service with deep interest and devotion. They took baskets for construction. Volunteers were like orchards all blooming like flowers. They bowed in obeisance seeing Baba Bhagat Singh's love. After the work was over, all sat for the Langar. With all Baba Bhagat Singh offered a silent prayer. Because of faith and love volunteers never shirked even in the burning heat of the sun.

BAGANWALA VILLAGE

A beautiful road was made in a few moments. A kacha road from Nanaksar led up to Baganwala. All those who saw wondered where there were heaps of sand. A straight road now ran as though through a miracle. It was fringed by Sheesham trees and was uniformly even on otherside. Mango trees and tamarinds pleased the eyes. Here and there were "Neems" and "Jamans" in state of mutual clasp. A little away were "Berries" which were nurtured with water. The road fringed with reeds. Cheerful volunteers walked upon. It took no sharp curve but ran straight on though all stained with dust. It ran through two rows in a serpentine way till it reached the destined goal. Wondrous was Baganwala besieged all by plants and trees. At times they waved their heads and arms. The crop in the field swayed and took a double bent. The plants sprouted up and attained majority. The leaves clapped rhythmically ecstatic puffs of breeze passed wantonly. Water flowed in the gardens so it sang in romance to show the secret of God's greatness. When one turned the glance towards the sight of nature, he would hear koel's warbles. At times the morning twilight was seen bewitching minds. There were blossoming mango trees, delightful flowers and fruit laden baskets and ripe fruit in garden's care. Should they glance at heaven, it would steal their heart. The leaves of the trees stirred causing in the air uproar. We praised nature, trees, leaves, fruits in heaps and the fields covered with grass. With dew pearls at morn and perfumed mingled with air, showered sweet love songs. Some houses for the public were raised among the orchards. Every one knew his place while moving to and fro. There breeze played with flowers. The water played in that fields tearing the soil through. Beetles hovered around the flowers and sipped the honeyed syrup. Flowers were abundant attracting swarms of beetles. Sun rays acquired a new hue as roamed all around. The rhythmic stir of leaves made beetles struck with wonder. Cool water flowed untired singing a lullaby tune. Baganwala

became famous town. Everything in the town was upright and fascinated eyes. Pilgrims from Baganwala made for Nanaksar and on reaching Nanaksar they were greeted with the beat of drums. They had the Baba Bhagat Singh's sight and felt most exalted with folded hands and scarf on neck, they exclaimed, "Jo Bole So Nihal", "Sat Sri Akal." Pilgrims found Nanaksar a celestial place.

NISHAN SAHIB HOISTED

On the first day of Sravana a Sikh religious flag was hoisted. The ideal, placed before the Sikhs was Truth, Service and Devotion called it the mark of honour and the symbol of Creator. It represented all living creatures and safeguards of human rights. It indicated sacrifice fostering love and friendship. It embodied Truth, Beauty and Goodness. It eulogised freedom one could perceive in the Nishan Sahib teachings of Guru Hargobind Sahib Ji. All did obeisance Baba Bhagat Singh spoke on the importance of Nishan Sahib.

SPEECH OF DARBARA SINGH

Darbara Singh said to the Sangat present at Nanaksar Gurdwara, "Get baptised all of you win freedom or give up life. Make balls of your heads. Either die in battle or win victory. Death is to come to all. Make maximum use of life. Die fighting like the warriors and be you worthy martyrs. Martyrs become immortal by virtue of glorious deaths. If you fight not against Moughal rulers, then face perpetual exploitation. You will lose all belongings with disgrace. Either come to Baba Guru Nanak or Babar's soldiers will loot you and you will have to knock from pillar to post. The dragon of death with open jaws will sue you with a hiss. Death however fears valour. Death frightens the cowards too often making life for them quite useless. To remain in constant dread is to sue the path of a coward shedding tears day and night. Robbers in the guise of rulers loot them and convert into paupers washing faces with their tears. People

further get despaired and tread on razor's edge. Rulers are executioners and looted gold and silver. They eat the flesh of the cattle and exploited humans. They wish to see converts and they thrive on tyranny. Become Khalsa rather than day-dreamers. Your plight is already bad. Some Indian Sanskrit scholars tell that some incarnate being will kill the monsters. Don't wait. Do what you can do today. Do not put off till tomorrow what you can do today."

THE FAIR BEING OVER

When the Sravana fair was over, they retired to their homes. They would tell their experiences of new life to their friends in their villages. The message of Truth, Love and faith, they carried to the Western side of this state. These experiences would solve many a riddle. They well knew that it was Khalsa Panth that could take stand against tyranny of the rulers.

LOVE FOR CHILDREN

Baba Bhagat Singh at Nanaksar led a decent life. But children above all else were cordially dear to him. Some clung to his knees, some sat in lap, some held him by the arm. Baba Bhagat Singh used to say, "God resides in children because of their innocence." The children felt amused and peace came to Baba Bhagat Singh's heart. By seeing them all ills were forgotten. Those children who were clever later grew to be goodmen. Baba Bhagat Singh remarked, "Heart's language heart knows. By peeping inside one can see how much love lies in heart? The world employs external eyes so people can't enjoy children's words are like petals. Their sweet smell has a sword's edge. To kiss the child's cheeks is to glimpse the full moon."

PHALGON'S FAIR

Before the *Phalgon's* advent, the Sikhs of the area turned to Nanaksar accompanied by families chanting Vahiguru. The pilgrims came from afar and reached

Nanaksar for participating in Phalgon's fair with full faith in mind. All were keen to see Baba Bhagat Singh. In the form of Caravan pilgrims pushed on their boat of life and eager to have Baba Bhagat Singh's sight. Many other devotees joined them. They crossed both sand and water and trudged on with zeal. Kindling taper of prayer was to guide them on the way. They moved with the speed of time. No one could detain their steps. They proceeded to the goal in view without an iota of pride. In the achievement they thus made likewise they left their villages and headed towards Nanaksar. Some took to foot travel. Many faithful devotees met on the way with garlands of flowers in hand. They would shower flowers like rain thereby expressing their love. They continued to walk, saying prayer and made their feet advance. Brave and industrious pilgrims seemed to be so benevolent that caught in the airs whirlpools still trudged on and on facing ups and downs in the quest of Sikh faith's light. They proceeded to Nanaksar. Caravan unnerved the thieves. The moving caravan looked like the Army's march in desert. At the next village the Caravan was given on eve a welcome. Pure light of clay tapers offered them a welcome. All the villagers assembled all kith and kin like stars. The Sangat remembered Baba Bhagat Singh, the Saint of this area they said, "Baba Bhagat Singh as though has entered their hearts and moved about in secret. Some time we pray Baba ji kindly instil your breath into our flute of life." Many pilgrims wore new clothes. Some children strutted proudly wearing necklaces of pearls. There was much discomfort in travel. The rich and the poor walked together not shying each other mingling with the poor certainly amused the heart. In chorus, they played music. Echoed their voice they joined their tunes together. The day declined, night arrived and stars began to twinkle. They cheerfully covered the journey and arrived at Baganwala.

BAGANWALA

The Caravan saw beautiful trees with flowers and fruit

and fragrant like plants. The orchard full of plants of Sandal. The whole sight was wondrous. Branches burdened with fruit were bowing in reverence. As gifts for the guests, spread petals under their feet and kissed their feet with love. When Caravan people saw all this, they were filled with wonder. One side twilight laughed on the other the proud flowers laughed too. Some eyes watched with care and watched that attractive sight. The flowers that bloomed at Baganwala made the heart bloom. Baba Bhagat Singh laid out gardens for the benefit of the pilgrims keeping in view the Sangat. Some shady trees he planted for people to sit in shade surrounding lit up by graceful light. En route to Nanaksar this was a resting place. Here accompanied by devotional music caravan went onward and ultimately reached Nanaksar.

NANAKSAR A PARADISE

The people of Caravan raised slogans, victory slogans at the time of arrival at Nanaksar. It was a heavenly sight, Land, water and region so pleasant seemed descended from heaven. This track was rare and unique. A unique fair on Phalgun Sankranti was held for the first time. Here Nature disbursed all comforts which came like happy showers. The breezes were surcharged with world's love and affection. This place was called paradise on earth by pilgrims. It seemed to them that the place was linked to heaven. Their Kirtan was resonant Baba Bhagat Singh addressed the Sangat in Gurdwara. Out of the tangles of the world, he showed the clear cut path. Like red rays of the sun was Baba Bhagat Singh's smiling face. Every strand of his beard displayed variegated hues, a calm and effulgent face, a heart like Mansarovar. For pilgrims it was entirely new world. Where mutual love and confidence could be seen. Here cow and lion drank together. Religious fervour prevailed there and all round rain of charity whoever met was greeted with folded hands. Fragrance of Divine Name was inhaled every moment. The birds declared, "You, you, alone you, Vah O Vah. Vahiguru, Glory be to God." Baba

Bhagat Singh got a new well sunk to get fresh drinking water. Some pilgrims remarked. "Nanaksar is paradise in miniature !" Kirtan, Hari-Kirtan made pilgrims mind improved. The days of life here passed so fine that they would never be forgotten in the rest of life. Some one remarked, "Nanaksar- a carpet velvet green where branches of the trees play veena delightfully. The air plays the *Mahavat* to keep the elephants of clouds controlled, beating with lightning's goad." An other man remarked at noon, "Clouds descend from heaven like mixed up cotton flakes." Some one retorted, "Clouds are like a boat in unknown stream." At night one of the pilgrims said, "Riding on Time's wheel, Moon light unties her magic knot." Now Phalgun-Purb ended and all visitors went back happily with a lot of blessings. Thus caravans came and left. Good fame spread in the world of Nanaksar.

LAST DAYS OF BABA JI

THE END OF BABA BHAGAT SINGH'S LIFE

Now Baba Bhagat Singh had grown old and he came to Thalli Sahib Maghiana. He settled here after staying many years at Nanaksar. Here pilgrims called on him from far and near. At length, the month of Bhadon (August-September) came. Farmers worked in fields and august Chenab-river flowed. Waves moved about like asps. At times they were very fast. The winds now gained in speed. The river's flow grew fast. His eyes tipsy like Shiva's as he sat by Parvati, Ganesh was there. So Baba Bhagat Singh was sitting with Krishan Kaur and Darbara Singh. The devotees sat chanting with the Sangat. Kirtan was being performed by expert musicians. Some brought flowers and fruit. "Time brings about great changes. The world is ever on move. Time is never still," remarked Baba Bhagat Singh, "None knows as to what will happen shortly", said again. Dogs were heaving sighs. Moon light looked queer at this night time. Time cobra struck up hood. The asp made a hiss. Krishan Kaur and Darbara Singh were scared as they sat. At that time Baba Bhagat Singh sent for his kiths and kins and said, "Be pleased, my time has come. As water mingles with water, such is bliss, I shall experience." It was the hour of dusk. Baba Bhagat Singh gave a smile and said, "Shed not for me any tears." Then he chanted Gurbani. There was a large assemblage now of the well-known and strangers. They raised cries of lament. The whole world was torn as under. They readily formed a queue to have his final sight. Seeing his face aglow, they felt highly bewitched. Darkness came into eyes. It was tragic unhappy sight. He had now eternal sleep. Darbara Singh was heaving painful sighs.

Each tear fell like a star. All surcharged with woe. Forests and woods cried. "O' Gardener has departed. Who will now protect them?" A wayfarer wept and addressed. "Why have you left O' Master ?" A visitor from far exclaimed, "Where has the Baba gone? Leaving me insecure and all alone." He went mad with grief. Tears fell from the eyes who heard the news. Some uttered spontaneously. "This news of Baba's death is false, a false news yes, a false news. He could not die so soon. He has good health, smiling face and ruddy of complexion, a store house of counsels." Birds beast's eyes poured abundant tears, Said Earth, " Without master how insipid is life !" Everyone said in tears. "O' Baba Ji has gone, I saw him here yesterday." Children would ask their mothers, "What do the people say?" His followers said with tears, "O ! how sad it is!" He must have occupied a seat in lap divine. How tragic it was, tears spoke. Some struck their heads with grief against hard walls and said, "Our whole world is dead. From where has death appeared and our Master took away. Who is now our support. Our saviour has now left. How miserable we are ! Our world has grown all dark. When will our dear revisit? O' Death why have you snatched the light of our eyes?" On hearing of his death many lost their nerve. Many felt so scared as though it sank their heart. Their hearts stood still on hearing of the death. They were overwhelmed with grief that none showed self control. Sparrows forgot their pick. Now cows opened their mouths. Buffaloes refused their feed on hearing of the death. The fish in rivers wept poking their mouths in mud. Birds in trees cried just on hearing of death. In a moment from the trees, their leaves began to fall. The sun wrapped his face and secretly shed tears. In fact all were weeping. Forgetful of themselves, they said to one another, "O' we are totally undone. It seems the ominous stars fell down one by one. Both young and old wept. Everyone said with tears, "It seems the earth has lost its sense of happiness." Some like fish out of water did toss and roll in grief. How can we tell their grief ?" It beggared all account. Waters in streams stopped. Rivers too stood still and enquired their banks.

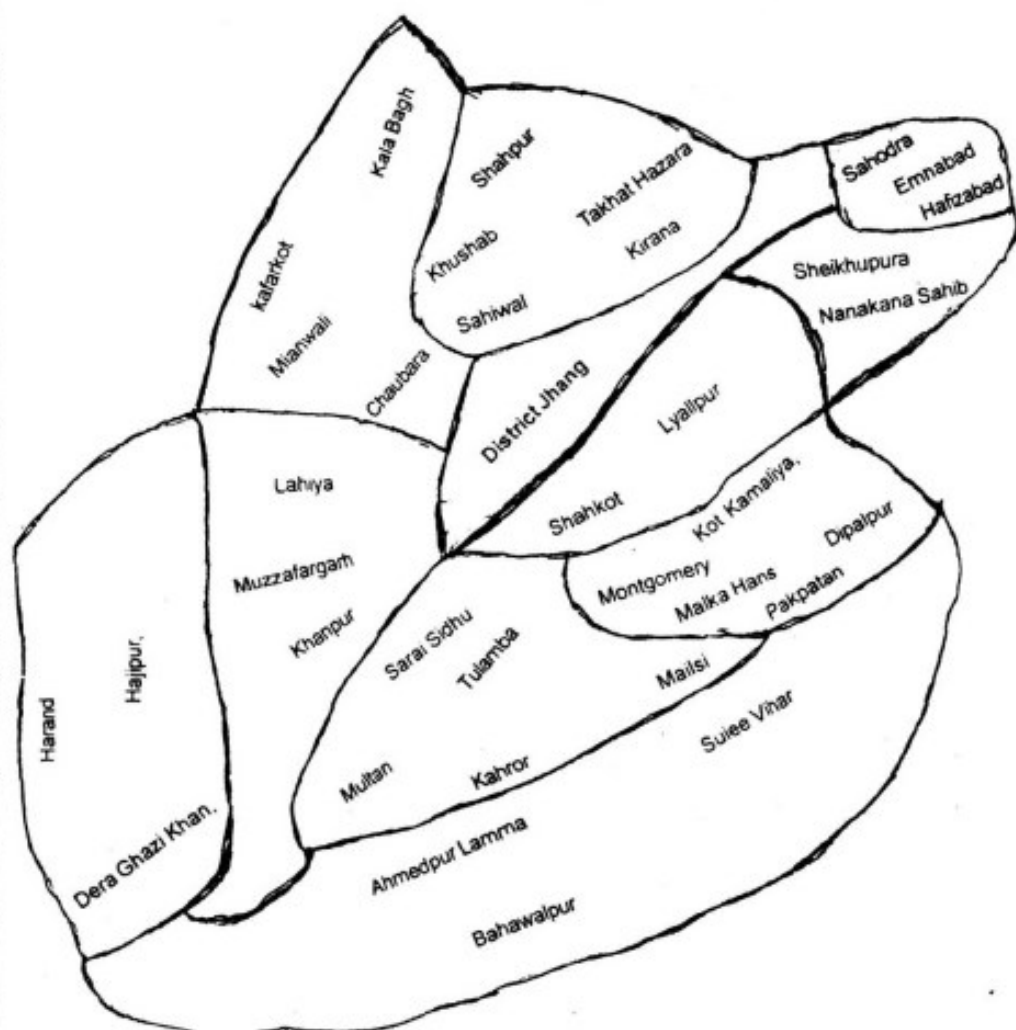
What had happened in the world ? The breeze lowered its speed and asked turning its face with tearful eyes. Krishan Kaur would cry, "O' my life's heart's beat, a source of life to me, why have you left me ? A charming swan dwelling in heart, broad-minded like a stream, and tender lotus of mercy has faded altogether. I was the night, you were my moon. I was a sin, you were a virtue. I was darkness, you were a light. Now why don't you speak to me?" Some said in a bitter sorrow why had he left them? Now relatives washed and cleansed his corpse and adorned with flower wreaths then donned him with five Kakars observing Sikh tradition. All Sikh ceremonies were performed by Darbara Singh. Flowers were laid upon Baba Bhagat Singh's corpse. The followers crowded Jhang Maghiana, Syals, Tiwanas, Sayyads, Gosains came and wept for the Baba Ji shedding abundant tears. The women beat their breasts and used hands to beat their thighs. Some sang mournful dirges. When funeral march began and bier took its way, holy men sang hymns and recited Shabads. The bier came out at noon. The whole world was lost in grief. The sheet covering the bier was saffron-coloured per need. Now sighs replaced their cries placing flowers. Thousands of people were seen endeavouring for his sight on roads, on trees and on dunes. There was no vacant space. So huge crowd was there to have his last glimpse. Relatives and followers showered plenty of flowers. Some one said, "Baba Ji you are leaving us all orphans. Why have you gone away you, a boatswain we are in a whirl, you have left us in the lurch. We are in mid stream." A man from Hyderabad Sind said, "The bier moved as though sufferings were taking away their breath. The bier looked us it moved as though went a king." All collected woods. Natural Ghee was sprinkled and some was put into his mouth. At the right time Darbara Singh placing straw on all sides, moved round and set fire. The fire rose from the pyre. Remembering various incidents, the followers praised the departed soul. All paid him rich tributes and said, "Such people go to Heaven." The flames of the Pyre said, "Great men come so seldom" The Sun of

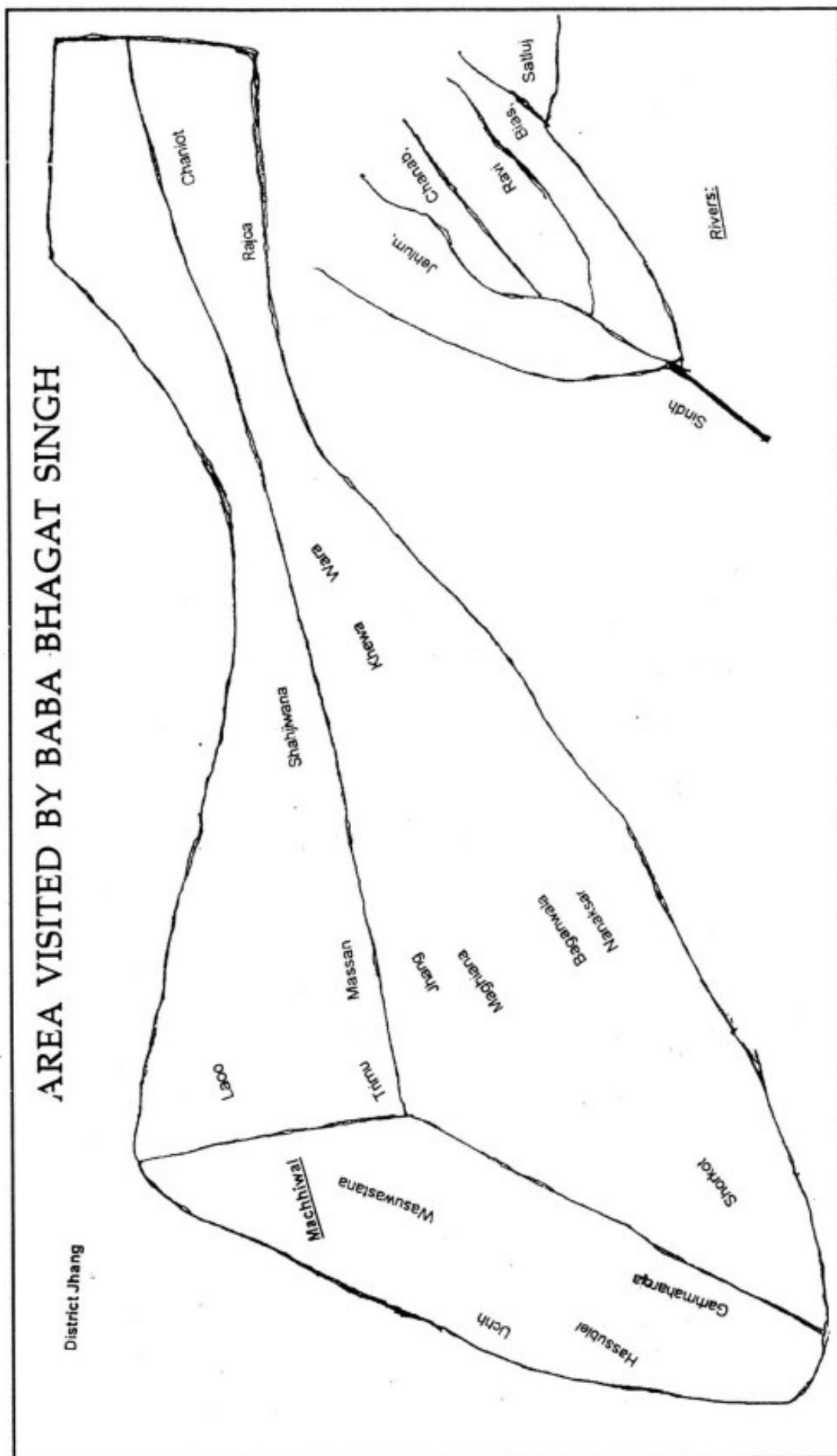
humanity was set. A star gazer said, "Baba Bhagat Singh is illumining the surroundings. Something from far is seen with the Pole Star. Even now he shows the path. If someone goes astray, please turn your glance thither and get a priceless life direction."

SHRINE RAISED OVER THE ASHES OF BABA BHAGAT SINGH WAS WASHED AWAY

Baba Bhagat Singh's memorial shrine was also raised withal. But his memorable deeds came to the river's mind. One day it rose out of love, Chenab in a merry mood and washed away the shrine which lost in the violent tides. All his followers now paid their compliments bowing at Bhaiani Thalli Sahib. Which was the seat of Baba Bhagat Singh. Seeing the vacant seat, birds perched in trees and wept. Moths wept on candles. Poet's hearts too, shed tears as they wrote some verses. Koel, too, wept for the parting wrung blood from her heart. Peasants, gardeners, tillers and others wept, "We need your succour" The river's waves came again and again and took many a turn so thirsty of his sight. Clouds bowed at Thalli Sahib and shed their tears. Bundle of grass on head, an oldman said, "Why have you broken with us? He left me uninformed. He was a stream of hope and courage which kept the world afloat."

AREA VISITED BY BABA BHAGAT SINGH





BABA BHAGAT SINGH NANAKSAR WALE

(1659 TO 1730)

